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# The Listener

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Christmas Book Number





*The Saxons, ever able to recognise facts when they saw them, bluntly called the month 'Midwinter'. To the Romans, it was merely Tenth Month.*

Men are not equal and nothing points the fact more clearly than the manner of packing Christmas parcels. Those who *can* do this, do it with practised ease; those who cannot, are yearly held up to the ridicule and contempt of their womenfolk (who can seldom do it any better). The linen for Aunt Laura presents no problem, its maker having thoughtfully enclosed it within a neat cardboard case. But what of the thingummybob we bought in a moment of enthusiasm for Uncle Edward? Inevitably, there is nowhere in the house a box into which it will fit. Neither do we possess the materials (or the skill) with which to make one. We should, of course, have thought of this before we bought such things. But we never do. Next year we had better give Midland Bank Gift Cheques\* and side-track the whole problem. Or . . . maybe even *this* year (we rather liked the thingummybob ourselves, anyway).

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# The Listener

Vol. LVIII. No. 1497

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## Russia, the Atom, and the West

# The Military Problem

The fourth of six Reith Lectures by **GEORGE F. KENNAN**

**W**HAT I have to speak about here is the military aspect of our conflict with Soviet power. It may seem strange, and scarcely fitting, that a civilian and common citizen, and a person not privy to governmental information, should venture to speak of it at all, and I do so with some diffidence. But whoever thinks seriously about the problem of our relations with Russia cannot avoid doing his best to understand its military aspect, and making certain assumptions with regard to it.

There are few, I am sure, who would not agree that never in history have nations been faced with a danger greater than that which now confronts us in the form of the atomic weapon. Except in instances where there was a possibility of complete genocide, past dangers have generally threatened only the existing generation. Today it is everything which is at stake—the kindliness of our natural environment to the human experience, the genetic composition of the race, the possibility of health and life for our children and for future generations.

Not only is this danger terrible, but it is immediate. Efforts towards composition of major political differences between the Russians and ourselves have been practically abandoned. Belief in the inevitability of war—itself the worst disservice to peace—has grown unchecked. We have a world order marked by extreme

instability. In the Middle East alone we have a situation, any disturbance of which could now easily involve us all in an all-out war. No one on either side wishes this to occur; yet the complete uncertainty as to the adversary's intentions and the premium that rests on the element of surprise in an atomic war could easily cause people to take, under the pressure of fear or misunderstanding, actions the effects of which would be irreparable. It is against this terrible, immediate, and almost inconceivable danger that the risks of an effort to negotiate a political settlement with Russia must today be measured.

To me it is a source of amazement that there are people who still see the escape from this danger in the continued multiplication by us of the destructiveness and speed of delivery of the major atomic weapons. These people seem unable to wean themselves from the belief that it is relative changes in the power of these weapons that are going to determine everything. They evidently believe that if the Russians gain the slightest edge on us in the capacity to wreak massive destruction at long range, they will immediately use it, regardless of our own power of retaliation. Conversely they seem to feel that if we can only contrive to get a tiny bit ahead of the Russians we shall in some way have won; our salvation will be assured; the road will then be paved for a settlement on our terms. This cast of thought seems to have been



much encouraged, in my own country at least, by the shock of the launching of the Russian earth satellites.

I scarcely need say that I see no grounds whatsoever for these assumptions. The hydrogen bomb, admittedly, has a certain sorry value to us today as a deterrent. When I say this, I ought perhaps to explain more precisely what I mean. I have never thought that the Soviet Government wanted a general world war at any time since 1945, or that it would have been inclined, for any rational political reason of its own, to inaugurate such a war, even had the atomic weapon never been invented. I do not believe, in other words, that it was our possession of the atomic bomb which prevented the Russians from overrunning Europe in 1948 or at any other time. In this I have disagreed with some very important people.

### The Atomic Deterrent

But now that the capacity to inflict this fearful destruction is mutual, and now that this premium *has* been placed on the element of surprise, I am prepared to concede that the atomic deterrent has its value as a stabilising factor until we can evolve some better means of protection. And so long as we are obliged to hold it at all as a deterrent, we must obviously see to it that it is in every way adequate to that purpose—in destructiveness, in speed of delivery, in security against a sudden preventive blow, and in the alertness of those who control its employment. I should certainly not wish to convey the impression that I have advocated anything like a neglect or slackening of our retaliatory capacity.

But I can see no reason why we should indulge ourselves in the belief that the strategic atomic weapon can be anything more than a temporary and regrettable expedient, tiding us over a dangerous moment in world affairs. In particular, I see no reason to suppose that any sort of salvation or any basic solution to our problems is to be found either in the increase of its speed of delivery and destructive power or in the cultivation of elaborate defences against it.

So far as the effectiveness of the long-range atomic weapon as a deterrent is concerned, it is not the indefinite multiplication of its power which is important or relevant to our problem. It need only be terrible enough to make its use against us an irrational and self-defeating act on the part of any adversary. This it *has* been, in my opinion, for many years; and its effectiveness for this purpose is not going to be enhanced by its being made more terrible still.

And as for these various frantic schemes for defence against atomic attack, I can see no grounds whatsoever for confidence in them. I do not trust the calculations on which they are based. War has always been an uncertain exercise, in which the best-laid plans were frequently confounded. Today the variables and unknowns in these calculations are greater than ever before. I do not believe there is any human mind or group of human minds or any calculating machine anywhere in the world which can predict with accuracy what would happen if these weapons should begin to be used or which, by the same token, could devise realistic defences against them.

### What Sort of a Life?

But, beyond this, what sort of a life is it to which these devotees of the weapons race would see us condemned? The technological realities of this competition are constantly changing from month to month and from year to year. Are we to flee like haunted creatures from one defensive device to another, each more costly and humiliating than the one before, cowering underground one day, breaking up our cities the next, attempting to surround ourselves with elaborate electronic shields on the third, concerned only to prolong the length of our lives while sacrificing all the values for which it might be worth while to live at all? If I thought that this was the best the future held for us, I should be tempted to join those who say 'Let us divest ourselves of this weapon altogether; let us stake our safety on God's grace and our own good consciences and on that measure of common sense and humanity which even our adversaries possess; but then let us at least walk like men, with our heads up, so long as we are permitted to walk at all'. We must not forget that this is actually the situation in which many of the peoples of this world are obliged to live today; and while I would not wish

to say that they are now more secure than we are, for the fact that they do not hold these weapons, I would submit that they are more secure than we would be if we were to resign ourselves entirely to the negative dynamics of the weapons race, as so many would have us do.

The beginning of understanding rests, in this appalling problem, with the recognition that the weapon of mass destruction is a sterile and hopeless weapon which may for a time serve as an answer of sorts to itself, as an uncertain sort of a shield against utter cataclysm, but which cannot in any way serve the purposes of a constructive and hopeful foreign policy. The true end of political action is, after all, to affect the deeper convictions of men; this the atomic bomb cannot do. The suicidal nature of this weapon renders it unsuitable both as a sanction of diplomacy and as the basis of an alliance. Such a weapon is simply not one with which one can usefully support political desiderata; nor is it one with which one readily springs to the defence of one's friends. There can be no coherent relation between such a weapon and the normal objects of national policy. A defence posture built around a weapon suicidal in its implications can serve only in the long run to paralyse national policy, to undermine alliances, and to drive everyone deeper and deeper into the hopeless exertions of the weapons race.

These thoughts are not mine alone. They are shared by many other people. They have been well expressed on other occasions. If I have seen fit to restate them here, it is to make clear my own position and to emphasise that their validity is in no way affected by the Soviet earth satellite, nor will it be affected if we launch a satellite ourselves.

### Seeking Escape from Mass Destruction

But even among those who would go along with all that I have just said, there have recently been other tendencies of thought with which I also find myself in respectful but earnest disagreement. I have in mind here, in particular, the belief that the so-called tactical atomic weapon—the atomic weapon designed, that is, to be used at relatively short range against the armed forces of the adversary, rather than at long-range and against his homeland—provides a suitable escape from the sterility of any military doctrine based on the long-range weapon of mass destruction.

Let me explain what I mean. A number of thoughtful people, recognising the bankruptcy of the hydrogen bomb and the long-range missile as the basis for a defence policy, have pleaded for the simultaneous cultivation of other and more discriminate forms of military strength, and ones that could conceivably be used for some worth-while limited national objective, and without suicidal effect. Some have advocated a policy of what they call graduated deterrents. Others have chosen to speak of the cultivation of the capacity for the waging of limited war, by which they mean a war limited both in the scope of its objects and in the destructiveness of the weapons to be employed. In both instances, what they have had in mind was to find an alternative to the hydrogen bomb as the basis for national defence.

One can, I think, have only sympathy and respect for this trend of thought. It certainly runs in the right direction. Force is, and always will be, an indispensable ingredient in human affairs. The alternative to a hopeless kind of force is never no-force-at-all. A first step away from the horrors of the atom must be the adequate development of agencies of force more flexible, more discriminate, and less suicidal in their effects. Had it been possible to develop such agencies in a form clearly distinguishable from the atomic weapon, this, unquestionably, would have provided the most natural path of escape from our present dilemma.

Unfortunately, this seems no longer to be an alternative, at least so far as the great nuclear powers are concerned. The so-called tactical atomic weapon is now being introduced into the armed forces of my country; and there is an intention, as I understand it, to introduce it into yours. We must assume that the same thing is occurring in the Soviet Union. While many people in our respective governments have become convinced, I am sure, of the need for being able to fight limited as well as total wars, it seems now to be largely by the use of the tactical atomic weapon that they propose to fight them. It appears to be their hope that



by cultivation of this tactical weapon we can place ourselves in a position to defend the Nato countries successfully without resorting to the long-range strategic one; that our adversaries can then also be brought to refrain from employing the long-range one; that warfare can thus be restricted to whatever the tactical weapon implies; and that in this way the more apocalyptic effects of long-range nuclear warfare may be avoided.

It is this thesis which I cannot accept. That it would prove possible, in the event of an atomic war, to arrive at some tacit and workable understanding with the adversary as to the degree of destructiveness of the weapons that would be used and the sort of target to which they would be directed, seems to me a very slender and wishful hope indeed.

### Cheerful Assumption

But, beyond this, let us bear in mind the probable ulterior effects—the effects, particularly, on the people in whose country such a war might be waged—of the use of tactical atomic weapons. There seems to be a cheerful assumption that these weapons are relatively harmless things, to be used solely against the armed forces of the enemy and without serious ulterior disadvantage. But surely this is not so? Even the tactical atomic weapon is destructive to a degree that sickens the imagination. If the experience of this century has taught us anything, it is that the long-term effects of modern war are by no means governed just by the formal outcome of the struggle in terms of victory or defeat. Modern war is not just an instrument of policy. It is an experience in itself. It does things to him who practises it, irrespective of whether he wins or loses. Can we really suppose that poor old Europe, so deeply and insidiously weakened by the ulterior effects of the two previous wars of this century, could stand another and even more horrible ordeal of this nature? Let us by all means think for once not just in the mathematics of destruction—not just in these grisly equations of probable military casualties—let us rather think of people as they are; of the limits of their strength, their hope, their capacity for suffering, their capacity for believing in the future. And let us ask ourselves in all seriousness how much worth saving is going to be saved if war now rages for the third time in a half-century over the face of Europe, and this time in a form vastly more destructive than anything ever known before.

Unfortunately, the danger is not even limited to the possible effects of the use of the tactical atomic weapon by our own English or American forces in time of war. There is a further contingent danger, and a very imminent one as things now stand; and this is that atomic weapons strategic or tactical or both, may be placed in the arsenals of our continental allies as well.

### A Fateful Step

I cannot over-emphasise the fatefulness of such a step. I do not see how it could fail to produce a serious increase in the existing military tension in Europe. It would be bound to raise a grave problem for the Russians in respect of their own military dispositions and their relations with the other Warsaw Pact countries. It would inevitably bring about a further complication of the German and satellite problems. Moscow is not going to be inclined to entrust its satellites with full control over such weapons. If, therefore, the Western continental countries are to be armed with them, any Russian withdrawal from Central and Eastern Europe may become unthinkable once and for all, for reasons of sheer military prudence, regardless of what the major Western Powers might be prepared to do.

In addition to this, it is perfectly obvious that the larger the number of hands into which the control over atomic weapons is placed, the smaller will be the possibility for their eventual exclusion from national arsenals by international agreement, and the more difficult it will be to preclude complications of all sorts. So long as only three Great Powers are involved, there is at least a chance that things can be kept under control. To place these weapons in the hands of a number of further countries is practically to assure that there can in future be no minor difficulty in Europe that does not at once develop into a major one.

I am aware that similar warnings against the introduction of the atomic weapon into the armaments of the continental countries have also recently been part of the stock-in-trade of

Soviet diplomacy. I cannot know what the motives of the Soviet Government have been in taking this position. I certainly cannot say that they have all been ones we could respect. But I think we must beware of rejecting ideas just because they happen to coincide with ones put forward on the other side. Moscow says many harmful and foolish things; but it would be wrong to assume that its utterances never happen to accord with the dictates of sobriety and good sense. The Russians are not always wrong, any more than we are always right. Our task, in any case, is to make up our minds independently.

Is there, then, any reasonably hopeful alternative to the unpromising path along which we are now advancing? I must confess that I see only one. This is precisely the opposite of the attempt to incorporate the tactical atomic weapon into the defence of Western Europe. It is, again, the possibility of separating geographically the forces of the great nuclear Powers, of excluding them as direct factors in the future development of political relationships on the continent, and of inducing the continental peoples, by the same token, to accept a higher level of responsibility for the defence of the Continent than they have recently borne. This is still a possibility. Close as we are to it, we have not yet taken the fatal step. The continental countries have not yet prejudiced their usefulness for the solution of continental problems, as we have ours, by building their defence establishments around the atomic weapon. If they could be induced to refrain from doing this, and if there could be a general withdrawal of American, British and Russian armed power from the heart of the Continent, there would be at least a chance that Europe's fortunes might be worked out, and the competition between two political philosophies carried forward, in a manner disastrous neither to the respective peoples themselves nor to the cause of world peace. I would not know where else this chance is to be looked for.

### Western Europe without Water-wings

I am aware that many people will greet this suggestion with scepticism. On the Continent, in particular, people have become so accustomed to the thought that their danger is a purely military one, and that their salvation can be assured only by others, that they rise in alarm at every suggestion that they should find the necessary powers of resistance within themselves. There is an habitual underestimation among these peoples of the native resources of Europe. The Western Europe of 1957 reminds me of the man who has grown so accustomed to swimming with water-wings that he cannot realise he is capable of swimming without them.

It is plain that in the event of a mutual withdrawal of forces the continental Nato countries would still require, in addition to the guarantees embodied in the Nato Pact, some sort of continuing local arrangements for their own defence. I am free to admit that for this purpose their existing conventional forces, based on the pattern of the second world war, would be generally inadequate. These conventional forces are designed to meet only the least likely of the possible dangers: that of an outright Soviet military attack in Europe, and then to meet it in the most unpromising manner, which is by attempting to hold it along some specific territorial line. All of this is obviously futile. If this were the problem, then of course foreign assistance would be needed, although it is questionable whether it could ever be enough.

But this is not the problem. We must get over this obsession that the Russians are yearning to attack and occupy Western Europe, and that this is the principal danger. The Soviet threat, as I have had occasion to say before, is a combined military-political threat, with the accent on the political. If the armed forces of the United States and Britain were not present on the Continent the problem of defence for the continental nations would be primarily one of the internal health and discipline of the respective national societies, and of the manner in which they were organised to prevent the conquest and subjugation of their national life by unscrupulous and foreign-inspired minorities in their midst. What they need is a strategic doctrine addressed to this reality. Under such a doctrine, armed forces would indeed be needed; but I would suggest that as a general rule these forces might better be para-military ones, of a territorial-militia type, somewhat on the Swiss example, rather than regular military



units on the pattern of the second world war. Their functions should be primarily internal rather than external. It is on the front of police realities, not on regular military battlefields, that the threat of Russian Communism must primarily be met. The training of such forces ought to be such as to prepare them not only to offer whatever overt resistance might be possible to a foreign invader, but also to constitute the core of a civil resistance movement on any territory that might be overrun by the enemy; and every forethought should be exercised to facilitate their assumption and execution of this role in the case of necessity. For this reason they need not, and should not, be burdened with heavy equipment or elaborate supply requirements. And this means—and it is no small advantage—that they could be maintained at a fraction of the cost per unit of the present conventional establishments.

I am inclined to wonder whether this concept could not well find application even as things are today, and in the absence of any Great Power withdrawal.

I would not wish to make a fetish of it or to suggest any sweeping uniform changes. The situations of no two Nato countries are alike. There are some that will continue to require, for various reasons, other kinds of armed force as well. I mean merely to suggest that if there could be a more realistic concept of the problem and the evolution of a strategic doctrine more directly addressed to the Soviet threat as it really is, and not

as we have imagined it, the continental countries would not be as lacking in the resources or means for their own defence as is commonly assumed.

Let me reiterate that the primary purpose of the dispositions would be not the defence of the country at the frontier, though naturally one would aim to do whatever could be done in this respect, but rather its defence at every village crossroads. The purpose would be to place the country in a position where it could face the Kremlin and say to it: 'Look here, you may be able to overrun us, if you are unwise enough to attempt it, but you will have small profit from it; we are in a position to assure that not a single Communist or other person likely to perform your political business will become available to you for this purpose; you will find here no adequate nucleus of a puppet regime; on the contrary, you will be faced with the united and organised hostility of an entire nation; your stay among us will not be a happy one; we will make you pay bitterly for every day of it; and it will be without favourable long-term political prospects'.

I think I can give personal assurance that any country which is in a position to say this to Moscow, not in so many words, but in that language of military posture and political behaviour which the Russian Communists understand best of all, will have little need of foreign garrisons to assure its immunity from Soviet attack.—*Home Service*

## The Shadow of the 'Bulge'

JOHN WELLENS on the post-war increase in the birth-rate

**I**MMEDIATELY after the war the birth-rate in this country increased dramatically: it reached a peak in 1947. Before the war, for every 1,000 people in the population, 15 births were recorded annually. But in 1947 we had 20.7 live births per 1,000. After 1947 there was a decline in the figures, and by 1954 the rate per 1,000 was back to normal. In round figures, for every three babies born in 1937, four were born in 1947 and three will be born in 1957. This temporary increase in the birth-rate has produced what the population statisticians and others call the 'bulge'. As this 'bulge' passed first through infant schools and then through junior schools it created special problems in each. It is now reaching the secondary schools. Nineteen-sixty-two will see its peak effect on industry—although this influence will already be felt as early as 1958.

The number of school leavers has been between 600,000 and 650,000 every year since the war. In 1962 there will be 930,000, in 1963 820,000: after that the figures will drop sharply to 725,000. It is a big problem. But it is going to be made even bigger by the changes proposed in the armed services of the Crown. I find it curious that the link between these two facts has not been given more attention. The recent White Paper, *Call-up of Men to the Forces*, gives the present size of the armed forces as 690,000 and the proposed size in 1962 as 375,000. That is to say, 315,000 males, mostly juveniles and young adults, will be returned to civilian employment at the very time when the 'bulge' is also coming on to the labour market.

So, on top of the natural 'bulge' of about 250,000 additional boys and girls annually, we have chosen—by a deliberate act of policy—to superimpose a further total of 300,000 young males by remodelling the services. And such is the timing of the military manoeuvre that these two influences will be roughly in phase, that is to say they will both start to be felt in 1958 and will last until 1963. The 315,000 men to be returned to civilian employment from the forces alone out-number the total registered male employment vacancies, which at present stand at 144,000. All the same, in thinking how to deal with this problem we must remember that the 'bulge' is a transient feature which will be followed by a period of stability. And for this reason it will be no good making arrangements to cope with a regular intake of 900,000 or we shall create more problems than we solve.

The situation is a challenge to all concerned, and if plans are to be effective they must be made soon. The official figure of 144,000 registered male vacancies does not give an accurate picture of additional numbers capable of being absorbed by industry and commerce. There seems to be general agreement that the extra workers could be found employment if (and it is a big 'if') they were not all juveniles. But whatever the optimists say, an increase of these proportions will not be absorbed painlessly or without careful forethought. It is not inconceivable that the strains caused by this sudden influx will produce some unemployment, particularly among young people, at least for a short time. If this happens we shall know, not so much by referring to the published statistics, as, for example, by the growth of a demand to replace female and foreign labour by British males and to withdraw the arrangements for deferring retirement. The 'dilutees' operating under the wartime relaxation agreement may also feel insecure during the passage of the 'bulge'. Incidentally, it is interesting to contrast our own 'bulge' problem with that of our close industrial rivals, the Germans, who, straining for every technician they can muster, have to face a drop from 945,000 school leavers in 1954 to 576,000 in 1961. Much will depend upon the economic climate, and some of the factors on which a solution depends, notably the condition of business in the United States, are beyond our control.

What then of the factors we can control? Let us start with our schools. One main effect of the 1944 Education Act has been to separate the school population into two streams: one of higher intelligence and attainment released to employment at the age of sixteen or over and another of lower intelligence and attainment released in larger numbers at fifteen. Before 1944 the elementary schools had a high proportion of boys of ability and promise capable of thrusting to the top. From their ranks came the middle management and even a proportion of the higher management. All this was changed by the 1944 Act; to such an extent that companies wishing to recruit people suitable for promotion to the middle and higher ranks are obliged to address themselves to the grammar schools and, to a less extent, the technical schools, where this talent now resides. The accepted mechanism by which industry recruits these boys is through the student apprenticeship which prepares a boy for a professional career in contrast to the craft apprenticeship which



gives entry to the ranks of the skilled artisans. Student apprenticeship is, in a sense, industry's counterpart to the 1944 Act. It is obvious that if we in this country are to have a prosperous industry it cannot be done without raising the standard of those employed in industry. For this reason the recruitment of grammar school leavers into industry by student apprenticeships and other similar devices is vital to our national wellbeing.

One effect of the 'bulge' will be temporarily to enrich the modern school student body. We can expect standards in grammar schools to rise, but there will inevitably be pupils in modern schools who, in less congested times, would have found grammar school places. And this may have undesirable consequences. The more old-fashioned industrialist, finding that he can recruit suitable material from the modern school, despite all that the prophets have been telling him, may relax his efforts to attract the grammar school leaver. But this enrichment of the modern school will be temporary. Another point is that, with brighter boys in good supply, industrialists may withdraw whatever plans they have for recruiting girls into their advanced schemes, and we may expect the 'bulge' to prove a serious setback to those who wish to see women in positions of authority and importance in industry.

Among other similar opportunities for industry to grasp will be that of improving the appallingly low standard of commercial and clerical training, for as more intelligent boys begin actively to seek outlets, industry should attempt to attract some of them to commercial apprenticeships, and so put some solid flesh on the magnificent skeleton recently prepared by the Association of British Chambers of Commerce.

As for the schools themselves, the situation will bear most heavily on the modern school. Grammar schools will be under no additional pressure other than that tending to increase numbers. But modern schools, finding themselves with many more pupils more suitably placed in the grammar school, will have new policies forced upon them by the situation. Interest will centre on the extent to which modern schools can provide increasing opportunities for their brighter pupils to gain the General Certificate of Education at 'O' level, the extent to which they can temporarily silence their own purists who abhor public examinations in modern schools, the initiative they show in passing on a proportion of these students to the sixth form of the local grammar school, and the graciousness with which they are prepared to give up this new-found interest after the 'bulge' has passed.

It is highly significant that in September of this year Nottingham opened a dozen special secondary modern schools which will offer a full five-years' course up to 'O' level. All secondary modern schools in this authority will also be keeping their eyes open for bright pupils in order to give them, where possible, special tuition in one or more 'O' level subjects. A number of other authorities, such as Edinburgh and Bristol, have already made some attempt to adapt modern school courses to the new situation.

Let us turn now to the industrial aspect. The number of craft apprentices engaged by a company is governed by an established ratio of apprentices to skilled men agreed either formally or informally between the management and the appropriate unions. There may, for instance, be an understanding not to raise the proportion higher than one boy to every five men. The suggestion has already been made, from several sources, that an approach should be made to the unions to gain agreement on the relaxation of this proportion, thereby making it possible to absorb more boys in skilled trades, some of which are seriously under-manned. On the face of it, since 36 per cent. of the boys who left school in 1955 at the age of fifteen entered apprenticeship, this seems a

reasonable point of attack on the 'bulge'. I do not share this view, for although, technically speaking, mechanisms do exist for initiating and carrying out such a policy, I have no faith that they will prove effective for this purpose. This policy could only be passed down whatever channels were chosen as a recommendation; and at some stage in its downward journey there would almost certainly be inserted some escape clause such as 'in the light of local circumstances'. This would leave action at the works level of the trade union hierarchy.

Apprentice recruitment since the war has been geared to military service and based on the assumption that some, at least, of the boys would be absent from the plant for two years. As conscription withers, these boys will no longer be away for two years, and the proportion of apprentices to skilled men cannot help but rise automatically. Circumstances will therefore be working against the union representative: if he wishes to retain the ratio, action will be required of him. I cannot see union representatives agitating to have so-called 'redundant' apprentices discharged, because of the rising proportion. But it is surely not realistic to imagine that it will be easy, in these circumstances,

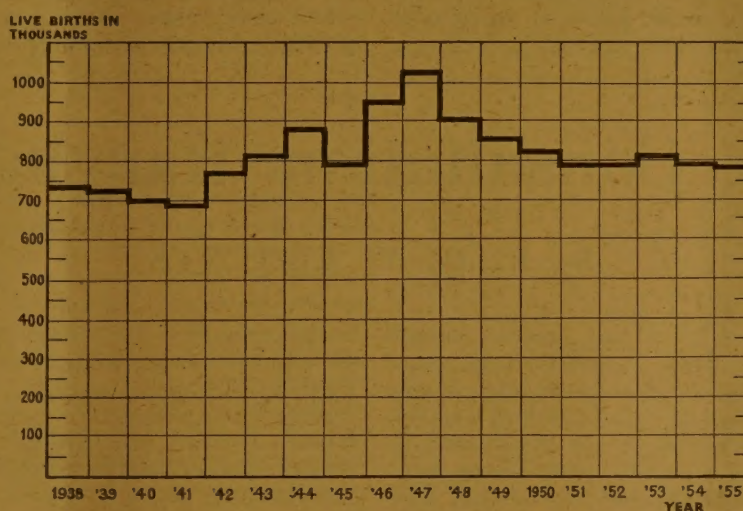
to persuade local union representatives to relax the proportion even further to accommodate the boys of the 'bulge'. Let us not deceive ourselves, a so-called decision made nationally on this particular issue could have very little meaning.

Curiously enough the fact that the Carr Committee is sitting could be a factor militating against relaxation of apprenticeship ratio arrangements. I have no doubt that two points in particular will have been vigorously and repeatedly put forward before the Committee. One of these is the desirability of relaxing the rigid age-limits imposed on craft apprenticeships and the other is the

need to reduce the duration of apprenticeship from five to three years, if only in those plants where highly effective direct modern schemes of training are in operation. It is known, for instance, that Cheshire Education Authority has a particular interest in this matter and has put these points before the Committee. Bombarded, therefore, from several sides at once, trade unions may feel that their position is being eroded. Again, the political atmosphere will have an influence. If union leaders can persuade their members that there is an attack on unions—and we hear suggestions of this sort already—a situation will arise in which relaxation will prove difficult. The whole situation will certainly be affected by what happens in discussions over wage increases. It does not seem to me that we can have much confidence in the 'relaxation of the proportion of apprentices to skilled men' as a realistic solution of this problem. I should perhaps mention at this point that student apprentices as distinct from craft apprentices do not normally come within the union sphere of interest since they are preparing for careers as professional engineers and not as craftsmen. Here management does not normally have to secure union agreement to the numbers engaged.

So far, I have considered what can be done in respect of three types of industrial entrant. The professional group, accounting for 1 per cent. of the intake, and the commercial group, representing between 5 and 8 per cent., are too small to make an impact on a problem of this size. The craft apprentice group, although 36 per cent. of all entrants, is unlikely to prove very adaptable and is at the mercy of too many imponderables. It is in that group of semi-skilled and unskilled workers which makes up between 53 and 57 per cent. of the intake where flexibility lies. It is in our attitude towards semi-skilled labour in particular that new ideas, long overdue, are called for.

Not all industries use boys on semi-skilled operations but in most of those which do there is little formality or pattern, little



The total live births in the United Kingdom, 1938-55

Based on the Annual Abstract of Statistics, No. 93, 1956



plan, in the induction and training of such recruits. The increasing use of mechanisation and the development of automation call for new skills, such as process regulation and the supervision of large and expensive batteries of plant. Normally, such jobs are not filled by skilled craftsmen who have served a five-year apprenticeship. They tend to fall, paradoxically enough, in the semi-skilled classification. In the method of induction and training of semi-skilled workers there is a need for completely new forms, and these are already developing. The time is ripe for a new appraisal of semi-skilled work—the grouping of jobs within its sphere and the evaluation of the particular jobs themselves. The new technology itself will force this reappraisal. That this group has an important part to play in solving the problem of the ‘bulge’ can be seen from another angle. Training periods for most semi-skilled work are relatively short so that young employees soon find themselves doing a complete rounded job on their own feet. If one may make the distinction, they tend to be regarded as young workers, not apprentices. While we can place appreciably large numbers of workers we can place fewer apprentices, and the employment of youths on semi-skilled work therefore represents a removal of some boys from the sphere of apprenticeship, where they could be an embarrassment, to the sphere of young adult workers, where they are more likely to be welcome.

It seems there are likely to be parallel developments both in education and industry—dangerous developments, I think. The pressure of excess numbers is likely to be released, educationally, into the modern schools, and in industry into semi-skilled work. But this is a danger against which industry must guard. Our national interest is to see that as many young people as possible find an outlet as high up the scale as their abilities permit. So long as we are awake to this tendency to depress, inherent in the situation, so long as we plan to prevent it, we have a golden opportunity.

Action is already being taken in the field of education. What attitude should industry adopt? We must encourage as many as possible to pursue professional studies, both technical and commercial, even to the extent of carrying supernumeraries. We must not relax our efforts to attract the grammar school leaver and the ambitious girl of ability. We must hope to absorb some in additional apprenticeships for skilled trades. But we must also accept the fact that a majority of these extra young workers will find their way into semi-skilled jobs, and we must make provision accordingly, examining, in good time, what can be done to make these so-called semi-skilled jobs more worth while, more satisfying, and a reasonable gateway to a promising career.—*Third Programme*

## Is Joint Consultation Hanging Fire?

By R. D. V. ROBERTS

**T**HERE is a widespread belief that progress towards industrial democracy is desirable, but little agreement on what it means or how it should be achieved. During the second world war this belief took the form of a notable revival of interest in joint consultation by the government, by both sides of industry and on the shop floor. Many joint committees were set up and did useful work, and most of these continue today, some of them in a flourishing condition. But somehow much of the momentum which was achieved in those years has been lost, despite the exhortations of successive governments and the official support of the employers' organisations and the Trades Union Congress.

It is often suggested that, in wartime, employers and employees are conscious of a common overriding objective, but that in peacetime the benefits to be derived from keeping down costs, increasing productivity, and extending the democratic principle in the sphere of industry, seem less impelling reasons. This may partly explain the decline in interest in joint consultation, but it is not the whole story. We are left with the question of why a development which is so widely acclaimed has not become a more significant feature of our industrial life.

It is particularly important for us to look for a fuller explanation at the present time when so many industries are undergoing rapid technological changes. For joint consultative committees, when they are properly established and used, can do much to help industry make those organisational and social changes which must inevitably accompany technological change. I stress the words ‘properly established’ and ‘properly used’ because, all too often, industrial firms have started these committees in a half-hearted and ill-considered way and have then been too ready to attribute failure to some alleged weaknesses in joint consultation, rather than to the inadequacy of their own approach. I should like to look at some of the main problems of joint consultation, examine how serious they are and discuss whether anything can be done to overcome them.

With the separation of ownership and management in large sections of British industry, professional managers have increasingly become responsible for making, as well as executing, the major decisions of their firms. The steady growth of British industry since the war suggests that, in technical and economic terms, they have been highly successful and this success has been reflected in the rise in the status of managers both in industry and

in the community. But perhaps their successes, measured in terms of improved human relations in industry, have been more disputable. Their very competence and skill have tended to make managers less willing to consult. They have been suspicious of requests for more joint consultation in industry, believing that it may prove to be the thin end of the wedge of joint management—syndicalism by the back door. Often when they have agreed to set up these committees it has been with a lack of conviction, if not entirely against their better judgement, and only in response to persistent pressure from their employees.

A common characteristic of a joint consultative committee set up against this background is that the manager, instead of making full use of the committee, seeks to distinguish certain subjects—usually the most innocuous—which he considers it safe for the committee to discuss, from other subjects which he considers lie entirely within the province of management. The result is that the committee's time is taken up with arid controversies over what are the so-called ‘managerial prerogatives’ and the sense of common interest which the committee is supposed to express is nowhere to be seen. No more disheartening start could be made by any committee and it is not surprising that the mortality rate among them is high.

There are other reasons for managerial scepticism. Managers sometimes fear that the more effective the committees become, the more they will restrict the areas in which management may make unilateral decisions. This is regarded as a serious loss of authority and status which they resent. Again, they see the danger that, if they establish a close and direct link with the employees' elected representatives, this may cut across the management chain of command, and thereby alienate the loyalty and undermine the confidence of middle managers and supervisors. They feel that informal consultation between supervisors and employees on the job avoids such difficulties, and they prefer it for this reason.

Lastly, some managers oppose joint consultation because successful committees will take up more of their time than they feel they can spare or think will be justified by the results. Managers are busy men and the thought of adding to their burdens predisposes them against the committees, even where they may not object to them in principle.

But it is not only the managers who may view the establishment of joint consultative committees with misgivings. In spite of the fact that the trade union movement has for years been the



strongest advocate of joint consultation, many trade union leaders have reservations about participating fully in this work. Most of them accept that the unions have an interest in promoting productivity, efficiency, and human understanding in industry, but in practice they are normally preoccupied with problems of wage negotiation. Moreover, they seem to have doubts about how far they should go in co-operating with management by this means. Sooner or later they ask themselves whether, by participating in joint consultation, they are entering into unknown commitments and compromising their freedom to negotiate the best terms and conditions for their members. They cannot be indifferent to the possibility of being accused by their members of being too co-operative with management and of paying too little attention to their immediate interests. There are voices in the ranks of British labour who argue that the unions should follow the lead of some of the American unions. This would mean their having little or nothing to do with the job of management through joint consultation, concentrating all their strength on improving the terms of the negotiated agreements on wages and conditions of employment and building up comprehensive grievance procedures within that framework. Union leaders have to listen to such voices.

Usually, of course, full-time trade union leaders become directly involved in the work of the joint consultative committees only where they cover a whole industry or a national concern. Then they are usually members of the national or regional committees. In the individual works of industrial firms the employees are usually represented on the joint consultative committees by shop stewards or directly elected fellow employees. These representatives have traditionally been responsible with managements for settling local grievances and applying national or regional agreements to local conditions. The establishment of joint consultative committees throws considerable new responsibilities on to these local representatives. It is no longer enough, or even appropriate, for them simply to oppose managements; they now have to understand something about the economic and technical problems of the firm, to exchange information, to advise management on a wide range of subjects, and to bring forward suggestions of their own and of their 'constituents'. Such work demands qualities of leadership and training which cannot be acquired overnight.

### Serious Practical Problems

The employees' representatives on joint consultative committees are, from time to time, expected to consider proposals of management involving changes in the organisation and methods of work—for example, the closing of uneconomical plant and its replacement by new plant of a different type. Although in the long run these changes may be in the best interests of the employees as a whole, they may, immediately, appear harmful to their interests and this clearly raises serious practical problems for the representatives. If they do not discuss such proposals of management they may be accused of shirking their responsibilities and only paying lip-service to joint consultation. If, on the other hand, they do discuss them they may appear to their fellow employees to have betrayed their interests and been bought over by management. They may not be returned at the next election and may be called to give an account of themselves at a hostile meeting of the union branch.

For the employees on the shop floor the implications of successful joint consultation may also be considerable. Hostility, indifference, unco-operativeness may, in the past, have seemed justified, for management had never before, as it were, institutionalised its respect for them as individuals and its belief that they have a contribution to make beyond the immediate demands of their jobs. With their newly established right, through their representatives, to consult with management, the employees begin to feel the impact of responsibility. But they too, if they think about the committee at all, may feel with the union officers and their local representatives that they do not wish to become too involved in management decisions. They may also find that the standards and outlook of the joint consultative committee differ considerably from those of the primary working groups of which they are members and from the standards and outlook of their immediate supervisors. They may have difficulty in reconciling their loyalty to all three.

I do not consider that these difficulties amount to an unanswerable case against joint consultation. I would say that most of them arise from a superficial view of joint consultation, failure to understand the conditions for its success, and inability therefore to fulfil them. Even though the main principles are not difficult to grasp, the methods which must be adopted and the conditions which must be fulfilled if joint consultation is to be successful have proved beyond the means of many people.

### Need for a Democratic Sanction

For instance, there are still managers who assert that discipline and effective workmanship depend upon a degree of insecurity and that it is only in such conditions that their own authority can be restored. I doubt whether such managers ever had quite the authority to make unilateral decisions that is now sometimes imagined; still more that such authority was either desirable or effective. It is not only the people at the top who make decisions in any industrial organisation; they are constantly being made at all levels, and most well-rendered answers grow out of the assembled facts. It is not the making of decisions that presents the greatest difficulty, but the securing of a democratic sanction, widely accepted throughout the undertaking, for management decisions and executive authority. To be effective decisions must be understood and accepted by those who have to carry them out.

It is here, indeed, that joint consultation is of the greatest value to management. There is now a great volume of evidence both in this country and in America which demonstrates that employees who have been consulted on management policies which affect them more readily understand and accept those policies. My own experience has been that trade union leaders and local employees' representatives are usually only obstructive where relationships are already unsatisfactory. Usually, employees readily respond if they are provided with adequate advance information on policy matters and are given the chance to discuss them fully with management. In making use of joint consultation, managements demonstrate not their weakness but their wisdom and only limit their right to make final decisions where the committees have misunderstood their terms of reference as consultative bodies. This is something which need never arise and does so only through lack of skill on the part of those involved in the work.

It is true that an effective committee will take up a good deal of a manager's time. But it is no more reasonable to assert dogmatically that it takes up too much of his time than it is to say that machines should not replace men because they are too expensive. Both joint consultation and machines are investments in round-about means of production, and before reaching any conclusion about their value one must consider the return from joint consultation just as one considers the return from machines. But it is more difficult to do this with joint consultation since the return has to be measured in terms of improved attitudes and increased human satisfactions and not in direct terms of units of output per hour.

### The Middle Managers

The argument that joint consultation upsets middle managers and supervisors is unconvincing, since there is no reason why a proper relationship between them and the joint consultative committees should not be established. For example, firms should arrange that employees' complaints and suggestions should first be dealt with by their immediate supervisor. Equally, when subjects which concern middle managers or supervisors are discussed, they should be given the opportunity to express their view to higher management or to attend the meeting. Communication and consultation should, in other words, be related to the existence and work of the joint consultative committee and this should also be true of day-to-day informal consultation on the shop floor.

The argument used by many managers, that informal consultation on the shop floor is preferable to joint consultation in committee, begs the question. It suggests that there is some conflict between the two methods, whereas in fact formal joint consultation greatly stimulates such informal consultation, which cannot be adequate without it. For informal consultation has several

(continued on page 928)



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## On Reading

HOW much people read is not really susceptible to any exact statistical analysis. A publisher sells a number of books or a newspaper can count upon a certain number of readers, but one can only estimate roughly how many people read each copy of a book or what proportion of a newspaper or magazine is read by each reader. Some recent reports by public libraries suggest that more people are reading than ever and, if we take into account the rising standards in education (the universities today are so bursting full of students that they are under constant pressure to find larger accommodation), this is not altogether surprising. It is sometimes suggested that the progress of television broadcasting has hindered reading, but the reports of library committees do not appear to sustain this belief; the mass of evening viewers are not necessarily people who would otherwise have been occupied in reading; and one or two experts in the book trade are even of the opinion that some kinds of television programme actually stimulate reading.

Of course the reading of books and the reading of newspapers is of a rather different character. In the days before wireless was invented the father of a family might spend his evening solemnly reading *The Times*, say, or the *Daily News* from cover to cover. But most newspaper readers do not behave in that way. A recent investigation into the readership of *The Manchester Guardian* suggested that fewer than half of its middle-aged readers and only a quarter of its younger readers read the whole newspaper right through. Mr. T. S. Matthews, an American observer, in a book on the press\* just published notes how life went on when the London newspapers were shut down for more than three weeks in the spring of 1955, that the public calmness was remarkable, and that if the strike had gone on just a few weeks longer the public might have got used to doing without them altogether. The editors of our more serious newspapers would find it difficult to assent to any such belief. But the 'popular press' which, according to the same author, has to talk to its audience 'in simple shouted words' and 'must continually flatter, woo and entertain its listeners to keep them from drifting off to listen to somebody louder' must be entirely aware that it is not solid reading or even the reporting of news that attracts its public. Probably since the B.B.C. News Department established its authority, ordinary men and women are content to regard it as an unimpeachable source of information.

Perhaps then most newspapers are indeed, as Mr. Matthews thinks, 'sugar pills' that people take or do not take as they feel inclined. But important books—the kind of books that are reviewed in this Christmas number—are more substantial fare. They open a window on to life which no casual reported statements, no interviews or sensational headlines can provide, indeed they form a basis for knowledge and understanding without which neither newspapers nor schools nor universities nor even television programmes could exist. In them are stored much of the wisdom and art of all the ages. No doubt there are many people who never read anything other than newspapers; but one has the feeling that, as educational progress continues, they will become fewer.

\* *The Sugar Pill*. By T. S. Matthews. Gollancz. 12s.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Mr. Eisenhower's illness

A MAJOR TOPIC was President Eisenhower's illness and its effect on the forthcoming meeting of heads of Nato Governments. Many Western commentators, including some in the United States, said that, though he would be greatly missed, the President should resign, both for his own welfare and to allow a more vigorous leadership in the most powerful nation in the free world.

From Vienna, *Oesterreichische Neue Tageszeitung* was quoted as asking if people were not attaching some magic to President Eisenhower's presence at the Nato meeting:

One cannot expect miracles from the Atlantic alliance or from a conference. The challenge of the Soviet inter-continental rocket and the Sputniks is serious indeed. But to face it by . . . succumbing to a nervous complex, while ignoring the problems which confront the Soviet Union within its own power orbit would be a fatal error.

From Switzerland, *La Suisse* was quoted as commenting:

The world watches with bated breath when Khrushchev dances a waltz or when Eisenhower takes to his bed. . . . What the free world must do is to rally its strength and react energetically to the dynamic of the Russians. . . . A structure that rests on the shoulders of a single man is necessarily fragile.

From Rome, the right-wing *Il Tempo* was quoted as saying:

At a decisive moment for mankind, the world's two biggest Powers are being led by two men who are terribly inadequate for their tasks. On one side, a rigid constitution still grants some three years in power—an almost absolute power—to a man who is weak and ill. On the other side, the addition of real powers to the constitutional structure has placed terrible destructive means in the hand of an alcoholic man who is inclined to violence.

Some West European commentators thought that, with American leadership so uncertain, the Nato meeting would challenge America's European allies to show increased responsibility. From Switzerland, *Neue Zuercher Zeitung* was quoted as expressing apprehension lest, in view of the uncertainty in United States leadership, Moscow would be tempted to exploit the situation in the Middle East. (Last week there was, in fact, an intensification of the Soviet propaganda offensive in the Middle East.)

From France, where commentators expressed anxiety about the effect on the Nato alliance of President Eisenhower's illness, discussion centred mainly on Mr. Macmillan's talks in Paris. Many newspapers expressed the view that the talks had cleared up some misunderstandings, but maintained that there could be no change in France's attitude to the question of arms for Tunisia. While the Socialist *Le Populaire* said that progress had been made to a return to the complete *entente cordiale*, the left-wing *Combat* was quoted as saying:

The heart of the matter is that the Anglo-U.S. *entente cordiale* has taken the place of the Anglo-French *entente cordiale*.

'Nato contradictions', as shown in the 'serious differences' between Britain and France, were the main topic in Moscow broadcasts, which claimed that 'Macmillan's visit to Paris failed to arrest the aggravation of Anglo-French contradictions'. These were not due only to the question of arms for Tunisia: the real cause was the United States policy of dominating Nato and Britain's alleged ambition of becoming the dominant European member of Nato. A Moscow broadcast in English stated:

Britain has been made the missionary whose task it is to persuade the countries of the European continent to accept the new Anglo-U.S. plan for the deployment of rocket weapons on the territory of West European countries.

West European audiences were told they did not want these weapons on their territories, any more than they wanted to be dominated by the U.S.A. and Britain, which was the real meaning of 'interdependence'. According to Moscow and satellite broadcasts, imperialist contradictions are undermining the whole edifice of Nato. In a comment on Herr von Brentano's recent visit to Washington, Moscow radio said he had failed to achieve his main aim—to secure the right to a voice in any decision on how, when, and where atomic weapons were to be used:

Bonn has been put in its place. . . . Washington does not intend to give up its commanding position in Nato to anybody.



## Did You Hear That?

### COMPOST FROM DUSTBINS

'IN RECENT YEARS', said KENNETH HUDSON in 'Round-Up' (West of England Home Service), 'Jersey has found itself faced with two urgent problems—keeping up the fertility of its soil and disposing of ever-increasing quantities of household refuse and sewage. Very sensibly it decided to solve both problems at once by building a new sewerage treatment works and a big, fully mechanised, composting plant side by side to work as one unit. This plant, at Bellozanne, near St. Helier, is now in operation and I was shown round it recently by Mr. S. A. Gothard, the consultant engineer, who planned the scheme and carried it through. He told me that there was little British experience to draw on, but he had learnt a good deal from the Dutch, who go in for this composting of town refuse in a big way.

'Jersey presented special problems of its own, because the plant had to be compact and it had to be centrally situated, fairly close to houses. So Mr. Gothard thought up his own method. The municipal refuse lorries tip their loads into a big concrete hopper. The whole mixture just as it arrives is fed into drums where the dust and ash is riddled out. The dust contains a good deal of valuable plant food, so it is stored separately and then mixed back again later in carefully weighed quantities.

'The material, minus its dust, continues on its way, first under a powerful magnet that sucks out tins and other ferrous metal—this is baled and fetches good money as scrap—and then along a belt where it is picked over by hand to remove things that will not rot. What remains, including plenty of cellulose in the form of paper, is chewed up fairly small, mixed with its ration of the dust that was taken out earlier, sprayed with sewage sludge, and hoisted to the top deck of a big tower. This tower, the fermentation cells, is Mr. Gothard's special invention and is the key to the whole process. It consists of six floors and each floor is made up of a number of semi-circular shelves, which can be made to rotate and tip the contents on to the floor below. The compost spends one day on each floor and then every day it is turned over and dropped down one stage more. It heats up to a temperature of about 165° F. during this fermentation and this makes sure that the compost is fully sterile, with no weed seeds or disease germs in it. After six days, when it has reached the bottom of the tower, out it goes to the maturing sheds. About eight weeks later it looks, feels, and smells like a good, rich leaf mould and it is ready for the farms and gardens of Jersey'.

### PHOTOGRAPHING HISTORICAL MONUMENTS

An exhibition of photographs by the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments is now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. The exhibition will be open for two months and later will visit a number of other towns. Most of the photographs were taken by Mr. F. T. A. Power, the principal photographer of the Royal Commission. JOHN BURNS, a B.B.C. reporter, went to the exhibition and described it in 'The Eye-Witness'.

'There are about 240 of them, enlarged to roughly twenty inches by sixteen and simply but neatly mounted along the walls in sections. They are not the straightforward, unimaginative, rather dull pictures of old buildings we are used to seeing, because the English Commission on historical monuments, and that means anything up to 1850, is concerned with much more than old buildings. There



Two of the photographs by Mr. F. T. A. Power on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum; the north-west side of the Octagon, Ely Cathedral—

are photographs of stained glass, church plate, stonework, staircases, and so on, as well as the exterior views of ecclesiastical and secular buildings. A most effective compromise has been reached between providing an efficient record of the Commission's work and at the same time giving pictorial appeal.

'A great deal of thought and care and much patience and, at times, courage have gone into these photographs. Mr. Power did not tell me this himself, but one of his colleagues pointed out photographs in Ely Cathedral taken when Mr. Power stood precariously on a narrow ledge, twenty or thirty feet from the ground, with nothing to hold him.

'Then Mr. Power showed me one picture that illustrates his patience. It is a photograph of Corfe Castle in Dorset, showing the twelfth-century keep and the fourteenth-century gate to the Inner Bailey. The shadows blend perfectly to give the subject height, but to get the effect he wanted Mr. Power visited the castle regularly for two years before he took his photographs. And a great deal of care had obviously gone into his photograph of the head of Christ that Mr. Power had discovered on glass in Ely Cathedral. He found this in one of the windows



—and the effigy of Robert Clayton, 'who dyed 16th of August 1665 within a few howres after his birth', in St. Giles' Church, Ickenham, Middlesex



hidden from view behind a stone screen in Bishop West's chapel. The head there is no more than five inches high, but in his enlargement Mr. Power has revealed, in the glasswork, an unusual remoteness in this head of Christ.

'Most of the photographs are of subjects we could see for ourselves if we took the trouble, but a photograph of something only comparatively few see and experience is that of the fourth formroom at Harrow, with its long wooden seats. The caption reads simply but amply: "Harrow School, Middlesex. The fourth formroom. Circa 1611".'

### STRIP FARMING IN THE ISLE OF AXHOLME

'West of the Trent, but just inside the Lincolnshire boundary', said KENNETH BELL in 'The Northcountryman', 'a narrow road winds through the scattered parish of Belton, Epworth, and Haxey in the southern part of the Isle of Axholme.

'If you travel along it you will be struck by the strange, striped landscape which rises gently before you. In places the striped pattern of the land becomes irregular and, at the height of summer, you get the impression of a great, intricate jigsaw puzzle in green, gold, and rich brown. Then you notice that there are no hedges, gates, or fences, and that the narrow strips of land are cultivated right up to the roadside.

'Here time has stood still for six centuries, for the hundreds of tiny, unfenced farms are a survival of the open field system of agriculture which prevailed in the Middle Ages. In those days great open fields were spread over the domain of the lord of the manor and these were divided into strips approximately forty poles long and four poles wide. The village peasants usually tenanted between ten and thirty strips each, a proportion of their produce or their labour going to the landlord as rent. And so that each peasant should have a fair share of good and bad land his holdings were scattered over the three fields, that is 220 yards long, a furrow long (or furlong).

'This system began to decline in the fourteenth century when the powerful landlords gradually enclosed their domains into large farms which could be run more economically. But in these few square miles of the Isle of Axholme the strip system somehow prevailed and the peasants eventually became independent farmers.

'The Isle of Axholme is not an island at all, but 300 years ago much of it was under water. The man chiefly responsible for transforming it into the rich, arable region we know today was Cornelius Vermuyden, a Dutch engineer. His drainage scheme was carried out in the face of bitter opposition from the local inhabitants who wanted to be left alone. It took forty years to complete. But the strip farms, as they were on slightly higher land, were apparently unaffected by the drainage. The farmers, however, had their own local squabbles. The close pattern of the strips—known as selions—and the absence of fences often led to fights when a farmer was accused of craftily clipping some of his neighbour's corn or annexing a few furrows from an adjoining strip. And a more recent trouble was the difficulty of obtaining wayleaves over the hundreds of separate strips when electricity was brought to the district.

'Today one of the most remarkable things is that the great

medieval fields are still distinguishable. South Field, Epworth, for instance, covers 240 acres while Belton Field spreads over 375 acres. And some of the strip lands retain their ancient names such as Mare and Foal Furlong, Stocking Drain, and Long Hawk Furlong.

'Strip farming in modern times has obvious disadvantages. The small holdings are unsuitable for bulky equipment such as combine harvesters, and a farmer may have to travel several miles between his few scattered acres. There is a tendency to merge and centralise holdings whenever possible, and on the few occasions when selions are put for sale they fetch high prices. But the process is slow, and I think it will be very many years before this anachronism of British agriculture dissolves into the larger, more normal, pattern of twentieth-century farming'.

### WITH THE HUSKIES IN POLAR REGIONS

Dr. RAYMOND ADIE described in 'The Eye-witness' the sort of conditions that Dr. Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary are facing for their journeys to the South Pole.

'When the snow is crisp', he said, 'the dogs hold their tails high and break into a run, and the sledge runners slither over the snow with a sound of tearing calico. Under good conditions, you cover thirty and more miles in eight hours of sledging with full loads, that is to say around half a ton of gear. On one journey with Dr. Fuchs we covered forty-two miles in eight hours. But when conditions are bad, driving a dog team can be pretty exhausting. Once when I was travelling with Fuchs my sledge capsized fifty-two times in less than two hundred yards. Each time it turned over we had to unload it, right it and load it once more.



Dogs harnessed in fan formation crossing crevassed ice in the Antarctic

No sooner had we started the dogs again than the sledge hit another piece of buckled ice and it turned over once more. The load was about half a ton. Unloading and loading fifty-two times meant man-handling more than twenty-five tons of gear under difficult conditions; and each time we upset the dogs became entangled and we had another fight on our hands.

'You have to contend with snow so deep that your huskies' noses barely show above the surface. Soon you are wading through knee-high slush and your dogs are almost swimming, and then the temperature drops, and in no time you and your dogs are festooned with ice. Travelling on glaciers such as those being encountered by Sir Edmund Hillary is probably worst of all, because one is constantly watching for crevasses. In crevassed areas you harness your dogs in fan formation, with each animal on a trace of its own. This minimises the risk of losing a team down a crevasse.

'All sorts of things can happen. I remember rather vividly when the centre trace on which my dogs were pulling snapped. The heavy sledge slid to a halt and the team went tearing off on its own. Sometimes your team will take off without any apparent reason. You are resting on the trail and suddenly your dogs leap up and make for base camp five hundred miles away, leaving you feeling very small and very, very solitary, in the middle of the Antarctic. You murmur the command to stop, but the team takes no notice, and you have to chase it on skis or snow shoes, or with another team; this happened to Dr. Fuchs and me several times'.



## The Art of the Dramatist—I

## The Nature of the Drama

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

**W**HY do we go to the theatre? What is it we enjoy there? If we go to follow the fortunes of imaginary characters, why do we trouble ourselves about the actors? If we go to enjoy the actors, why should the quality of the play worry us? Working in the theatre for a quarter of a century, I had often considered these and similar questions, until finally I evolved a theory of the drama that seemed to me to answer them all. I made this theory the subject of lectures at universities in many different countries, and at places like the Old Vic in London, the Beaux Arts in Brussels, the Kammerspiele in Vienna. If this theory of the drama has been kicking about for generations in various books and periodicals, all I can say is that I have never come across any of them, and that although I make no pretence of scholarly research, and so could easily be wrong, I believe it to be a new and original theory.

## 'A Willing Suspension of Disbelief'

Coleridge, in his introduction to his lectures on Shakespeare, discusses the nature of drama, and he seems to me to come much closer to understanding it than anybody before him. He sees that it is equally wrong to insist upon stage-illusion as actual delusion (a fault he attributes to French criticism) or to deny it altogether, as Dr. Johnson did. He declares that the mind voluntarily accepts stage-illusion by refusing to judge that it is false. We take to the theatre what he calls 'a willing suspension of disbelief'. With disbelief suspended, with no time to ask questions or pass judgements, we are then, he tells us, taken by storm—or, as we might say, we are bounced into accepting what we see and hear. Coleridge tells us that 'What would appear mad or ludicrous in a book, when presented to the sense under the form of reality, and with the truth of nature, supplies a species of actual experience'. And this is really as far as he can go. It is not far enough.

Coleridge avoids the traps into which the eighteenth-century critics fell. He is safely out in the open but he will not boldly press on. When he has arrived at the term 'experience' his goal is in sight, but he hangs back, is content as a theorist to be merely negative. So he does not really explain why we feel our experience in the theatre to be different from other kinds of experience. After all, many things take us by storm; and even a willing suspension of disbelief is not uniquely associated with the theatre. We suspend our disbelief when we are reading a fairy story or fantasy or listening with pleasure to somebody telling a tall story. Had he spent more time in the theatre, Coleridge would have realised that it makes a far more positive contribution than he supposed, that our response on the level of dramatic convention and technique, our consciousness of assisting in a theatrical presentation, our relation with the actors, are as necessary to the complete experience as our imaginative sympathy with the personages and life of the play. In other words—and here we arrive at my own theory—we go to the theatre to enjoy a special kind of experience, which we can reasonably call 'dramatic experience', and this experience is created by our response on two different levels at the same time. Or allow me to put it like this: the bull has two horns; Coleridge's French critics were impaled on one of them, Dr. Johnson on the other; Coleridge saw the danger and so he dithered between them; but now we must grasp each horn firmly—and take home the beef!

Let us try out the theory. I say there is something I call 'dramatic experience', a very special kind of experience, arrived at in a unique way, and that without this experience the theatre cannot be understood and enjoyed. Now as both a father and a grandfather on a fairly substantial scale, I have in my time often taken young children to the theatre. What happens? If they are too small, not old enough to enjoy dramatic experience, they simply feel they are in a large strange place where something real is happening, and either they are frightened, because what is

happening seems strange and menacing, or they are bored and want to explore the nearest aisle and clutch, with chocolate-sticky fingers, the trousers of neighbouring gentlemen. A year or two later these same children may be a wonderful audience, entranced and entrancing.

What has happened? They have arrived at dramatic experience. And, if we assume that the piece being performed is suitable for children, we can say that this experience has for them an unusual intensity, often a glory and a magic difficult to recapture in later life, just because they are fully and eagerly responsive on both our necessary levels. For they are rapturously concerned with the characters and action of the piece being presented, but at the same time they are more intensely conscious than adults are of not being physically involved in the scene, of sitting in the plush seat safely and snugly by the side of Mummy or kind Uncle William. So two wonderful things are happening at once; and I cannot help feeling that it is the child surviving in us who makes us fully responsive to the theatre. I have noticed that men and women who are completely removed from their childhood, who are finally and rather awfully adult so that it is impossible to imagine them as children, generally dislike the theatre and are reluctant and unresponsive playgoers.

I am not clever enough to explain exactly what happens in our minds when we are enjoying dramatic experience, but at least I am clever enough not to make any attempt. A full-scale attempt would demand the combined efforts of half the members of the British Association. I do not know—and to be honest, I do not care—if we respond on these two different levels of the mind actually at the same time, really simultaneously, or if we alternate between them, flashing from one to the other at a very high speed. My concern here is not the working of the human mind and the structure of the brain—but the art of the drama. And I am certain that there is this double response, and that it creates a unique type of experience. Try to work out the attraction of the theatre in terms of a single response, and you are in trouble at once.

## Out of Our Ordinary Minds

Let us take a simple example, and suppose we are watching an old-fashioned melodrama. The beautiful innocent heroine, her golden hair in pretty disorder, is in a situation of appalling danger—tied to a railway line, about to be fed to a circular saw, bound hand and foot, and entirely at the mercy of the king of the underworld. We sit there, making no attempt to rush forward and rescue her. Why should we? We know she is not a beautiful innocent girl in danger but the wife of the touring manager, wearing a rather tatty wig, that there is no approaching train, no real circular saw, and that the terrible king of the underworld is an oldish actor whom we noticed drinking a bitter at lunch time in the White Lion. So it is all nothing, a lot of rubbishy pretence. Very well. Then why do we still sit there, instead of going for a walk or having a drink; and not only sit there, perhaps enduring much discomfort, but lean forward and stare hard and perhaps hold our breath, and then break into applause when the heroine is rescued in the nick of time? We must be out of our minds. And that is true, for once we are in the theatre and enjoying dramatic experience, we *are* out of our ordinary minds. You might say we are deliberately schizophrenic. We pay money to split ourselves in two. One part of us is living desperately with the innocent heroine and the terrible king of the underworld, while the other part is sitting cosily in the stalls of the Theatre Royal, Coketown, enjoying this week's show.

I maintain that everybody and everything in the theatre have this double character; they are seen in the strange light and shadow of belief and disbelief; they belong to a heightened reality that we feel deeply and yet know to be unreal. (And, incidentally,



something like this seems to happen to us in moments of great danger, when reality itself suddenly turns into a kind of dramatic experience, as if the whole world were a giant theatre and all this life a drama, so much play-acting compared with some unknown deeper reality.) It is this experience, unlike any other—with the exception I have sketched out in parenthesis—that I call 'dramatic experience', and the theatre exists to provide it for us.

So it is in the delicate relation between belief and disbelief, between the dream life of the play and the real life in the play's presentation, between the stage as a window upon and an entrance into imaginary existences and the stage as an exhibition of highly technical skills, that our true dramatic experience has its roots and its being. I call this relation 'delicate' because the necessary balance is easily disturbed, and when it is disturbed the experience loses its unique quality, its character changes, its colours fade. If what happens on one level of the mind completely dominates the situation, so that what happens on the other level is hardly attended to, there is no true dramatic experience.

### Too Lost in Imagination

For example, if I go to the theatre in my professional capacity, to look at a certain actor with a part for him in mind, to discover if the new lighting system they are using is working well, to admire the work of the scene designer, I put myself outside true dramatic experience. Its magic does not work for me, just because there is no double response, for I am not responding at all on one necessary level. This is obvious. What is not so obvious, though it is equally true, is that we are still outside dramatic experience, have missed the magic, if we forget we are in a theatre at all, if we are completely lost in the imaginary life of the play, like the good lady who during the performance of 'Othello', outraged by the Moor's jealous suspicion, jumped up and shouted: 'You big black fool—can't you see?' This is harder to understand, if only because it is often held that this complete deception, audiences carried away like those in the old mining camps of California and Nevada who would storm the stage to rescue the heroine, represent the drama's ultimate triumph, what we have all been aiming at. But this is wrong. These naive spectators may have had an uproariously good evening, all the better when they ceased to be spectators and joined in, but it would not have been an evening illuminated by dramatic experience. The crucial inner relation between play and reality would not have been achieved. If you doubt this, then ask yourself if, wanting a responsible and sensitive appreciation of that particular production of 'Othello', you would have gone first to the lady who shouted at the Moor. Of course not. Like the gold miners storming the stage, she was not in the theatre, that lady. But 'Othello' is in the theatre, of the theatre, belonging essentially to the theatre.

Analogies between the arts are always tricky, but I think we might risk one here. An essential element in the true appreciation of painting is the enjoyment of pigments on canvas. We have to be thoroughly alive to the fact that the artist is using paint. A picture may reveal to us an extraordinary mind and temperament, it may communicate a unique vision of this world, but it can only do these and other things through our feeling for form and colour expressed in paint. No paint, no pictorial art. Here the paint roughly represents what the theatre contributes to the art of the drama. It indicates one of the two levels on which we must respond. No theatre, no art of the drama. Reading a play to oneself may be enjoyable, especially to people familiar with the theatre, but there will be no true dramatic experience.

There is some confusion here because many great dramatists, such as Shakespeare, have given us work of a high literary value, work that is enchanting simply to read, lines that are bewitching as poetry. Nevertheless, we must make a distinction between Shakespeare the poet, whom we read, and Shakespeare the dramatist, the creator of dramatic experience, who can only be properly appreciated in the theatre. And it is a mistake, in my opinion, to suppose, as so many people do, that the poet in him is always entirely at the service of the dramatist, for there are times when the poet cannot resist making a character say some splendid flashing thing that is entirely out of key with that particular character, so making us feel that the dramatist has temporarily been defeated.

Again, we may prefer, as I do, reading some scenes to seeing and hearing them in the playhouse, but this is simply because their beauty as literature happens to mean more to us than any dramatic experience they can create for us in the theatre. But the fact remains that Shakespeare the dramatist, like any other dramatist, has to be discovered where he belongs, in the theatre, busy with his players creating dramatic experience for us. And here let me add that because our greatest poet and our greatest dramatist happen to be the same astonishing genius, Shakespeare, there have been endless muddles and confusion, here in England, in our consideration of the drama. For example, the familiar notion that if we can only persuade our poets to write for the theatre, they will somehow turn themselves into great dramatists, just because Shakespeare did; though in point of fact nearly all our major poets during the nineteenth century did write plays but contributed little of lasting value to the theatre.

It is here that our theory of 'dramatic experience', based on a response on two different levels of the mind, begins to justify its existence. For I believe it can provide us with valuable insights, help us to avoid many common mistakes about the theatre, to separate sense from nonsense in much dramatic criticism and theorising, find a way for us through what appear to be trackless swamps and jungles. But let us be clear first about this double response. We must understand what it involves. An audience, if it is behaving as an audience should behave, if in fact it is enjoying true dramatic experience, the unique kind of experience the theatre exists to create, is at one and the same time lost in the imaginary life of the play and yet aware, often intensely aware, of what is actually happening, namely, the presentation in terms of the theatre of that life. It is seeing and hearing both Prospero and Sir John Gielgud, Imogen and Dame Peggy Ashcroft. It is, so to speak, this successful focusing of the mind that gives the experience delight and depth. It is not like life—seeing Hamlet die is quite different from seeing a man die outside in the street—and yet it is far from being idle mummery, for we have to *feel* Hamlet's death. And some kind of balance between these two responses is undoubtedly involved, and if this balance is upset, if there is too much of one, too much of the other, the true experience is missed.

What follows from this? A good deal, unless I have been merely boasting about how the theory can help us. For example, if, as I maintain, we are always aware of the theatre and it is essential to the experience that we should be, then it is reasonable to believe that the difference between various kinds of theatres, various ways of writing, producing and acting, is a mere matter of convention and taste. You may, of course, prefer one to another; one convention may be rather stale while another may seem fresh, novel, stimulating; you have a right to your personal preferences; but, if this theory is correct, you must not declare, as so many people do, that one kind of theatre, one way of writing, producing, and acting, succeeds in creating the experience when all others fail.

### The Case against Realism

All drama rests upon convention. What is called 'realism' or 'naturalism' in the theatre may now, as some critics tell us, be a stale convention, its innumerable small fussy effects may seem tedious or irritating. Fair enough, as people say. But it simply will not do to tell us that what is wrong with realism is that it persuades people they are not in a theatre. This is nonsense. People always know they are in a theatre. They do not mistake the set in Act II for a real solicitor's office. If they did, they would have no dramatic experience. Again, some modern dramatists and directors, reacting against realism, tell us we must be reminded we are in the theatre, that everything said and done must be 'theatrical', which generally means that characters have red circles painted on their cheeks and jerk about like puppets. This may or may not be a useful and amusing new convention, a change from those solicitors' offices with every detail right; I am not arguing that, one way or the other; what I am saying is that the alleged reason for this change of convention—to remind people they are in the theatre—is nonsense, because people do not need reminding. Let us have different conventions by all means—I like experiment in the theatre—but it is not necessary to explain them by writing and talking nonsense, to cover the



absurdly arrogant claim that one convention alone can offer audiences the experience they demand.

Let us now see how the theory can guide us in another direction. Do we go to the theatre to pass an evening agreeably, to be amused, or do we go to learn something, to receive the author's 'message'? There has been endless debate on this subject, and the questions it asks can never be properly answered because they themselves are not properly stated. We go to the theatre primarily to enjoy a kind of experience not to be found elsewhere. I am not prepared to say here and now exactly what is the value of this unique experience, where its significance lies, but if you will allow me to do a little guessing, I will suggest that the double response it demands brings some relief—and at the same time a kind of lift—to the mind, that its odd combination of attachment and detachment acts in some way as a release, that it brings with it the feeling, all too brief and not at all strong, of living on a higher level of being. When we see a fine production of a good play—and the finer the production and the better the play the greater is our sense of exhilaration—we seem to be raised above the common level of our traffic with our fellow creatures, removed from our usual involvement with them, so that we look and listen as benevolent demi-gods might do, attached through sympathy to the human race and yet at the same time detached from it, not being involved in its actions.

This may be fanciful, but no playgoer who has had any luck at all can doubt the value of the experience. And for this we go to the theatre. Here is our primary reason. How we interpret the experience, what it does to us, will depend on the character and quality of the play and the production and also on our mood and temperament. Whatever the play is, whether it is 'Oedipus' or 'Getting Gertie's Garter', its performance will still demand from the audience this response on two different levels, and must keep the right balance between them to succeed as a performance; but, of course, the quality, the colour and tone, so to speak, of the dramatic experience can vary enormously.

But let us think of the theatre in terms of this experience, a

mixed and highly complicated thing, and not in terms of emotion and thought. No matter what the dramatist writes or how the director and his players interpret what has been written, I cannot believe—as I am told the late Berthold Brecht believed—that the drama can become the vehicle of pure thought. Anybody in search of pure thought will be well advised not to sit in a building with a thousand other people, a large company of actors, and an orchestra. The conditions could hardly be worse. Better try a lecture room, a library, or a quiet corner at home. Even a Bernard Shaw, our one genius in the drama of debate, is far better able to communicate his ideas directly in his prefaces than in his plays.

I do not mean by this that dramatists should have no ideas, that they themselves should not be thoughtful men. What I am saying is that the drama is not the medium for their direct communication, and that, in fact, we do not go to the theatre primarily in search of ideas or to be told what to think. What we enjoy there is a particular kind of experience, and if a dramatist cannot create that experience for us, then even if he should be the wisest man alive when he is outside the theatre, he will have failed inside it. But if he does give us the experience we demand from him, if he is nobly thoughtful, if he sparkles and crackles with brilliant ideas, the experience will be illuminated, heightened, deepened, by what he has first brought to its creation. If a dramatist is also a poet, or a philosopher, or an acute social critic, then so much the better for the dramatic experience we enjoy in his theatre, but he must be a dramatist first or there is nothing we can enjoy in his theatre, not even his poetry, his philosophy, his social criticism. The writer who cannot come to terms with the theatre—and later we shall discover what that involves—is not a dramatist at all, just as a man who does not know what to do with paint and canvas cannot be described as a painter. No theatre, no dramatic experience. No dramatic experience, no dramatist nor drama. And in my next talk, I will try to examine, in the light of this theory, the dramatist at work.—*Network Three*

## Portrait of Frank Harris in Exile

By SEWELL STOKES

IN the nineteen-twenties every young journalist who happened to find himself at Nice, in the south of France, made a point of trying to meet Frank Harris. Once Mr. Harris had been a famous journalist himself and considered by some to be the best literary editor of his day. But that day had long passed. The man who chose Bernard Shaw to be the dramatic critic for *The Saturday Review* had fallen upon hard times. He was a disgruntled, fiery-tempered old gentleman living in exile. His native America would have nothing to do with him. Nor was he wanted back in England. Indeed his position even in France seemed somewhat precarious, with policemen and detectives paying frequent visits to his villa.

One morning, at eleven o'clock, I presented myself at Harris' villa. At once I sensed an atmosphere of suspicion. But when I had introduced myself to his wife, she said: 'Mr. Harris is in his bedroom. He always works there in the mornings. Would you excuse him?'

I said that of course I would; and was then ushered into the bedroom, which certainly took me by surprise. Mr. Harris did, too. He looked exceedingly odd, I thought, in a faded suit of pyjamas, the jacket not matching the trousers, and the trousers

tucked into a pair of thick, woollen bedsocks. And as if to make a compromise with convention, he had on a smart necktie, which merely emphasised his general air of frowzy eccentricity. His face was healthily red above a grey, walrus moustache; his eyes alive and bright.

He invited me to sit beside him and then he asked: 'Now, what do you want to see me about?'

I told him frankly that, as much as anything, I was anxious to learn the truth about several rumours I had heard.

'They've treated me scandalously!' he cried, his eyes gleaming fiercely; and then, more quietly, 'But I'll begin at the beginning'.

In the beginning, it seemed, a number of important events had taken place; and Harris told me of these in a gruff, excited voice, slapping his knee from time to time in order to stress a point. 'I've written some twenty books', he said, 'and the one you'll probably know best, if you know any of them, is my *Life of Shakespeare*. That book was published because when Arnold Bennett read it in manuscript he insisted on taking it away with him to have it printed'.

Harris talked on and on about his *Life of Shakespeare*. He spoke of dis-



Frank Harris in the winter of 1922-23



cussions he had had at the time it was being written with Oscar Wilde and Shaw. He passed slowly from one point to another; and my attention began to wander. It became focused on the details of his bedroom, which was unlike any other bedroom I had ever been in. The walls were entirely covered by pictures; pictures that varied from reproductions of Old Masters to photographs of ladies from the *Folies Bergères*; but all of the same subject: woman in the nude. From their frames thin ladies and fat ladies, fair ladies and dark ladies peeped coyly, or stared unashamedly: Venetian ladies painted long ago by Tintoretto and young ladies recently posed by imaginative photographers. The furniture was covered with books: books stood in piles on the floor, shelves sagged beneath their weight. Manuscripts, typed or written in Harris' clean hand, littered the place; his bed was strewn with them. It was certainly the room of a worker—a most untidy one.

### The Novel about Anarchists

Suddenly Harris' voice became so loud that I was compelled to listen to him once more. Shakespeare had now been left behind, and I heard him say, or shout rather: 'I wrote a novel about some anarchists in America; a little group of people whose passions, since they were living in a close, small circle, were naturally intensified. It was a good novel, in which I told the truth. But what happened to it? Owing to the frankness of my observations in certain parts of the text the printers refused to set up the type! The printers refused! So the publishers, helpless, asked me to tone it down'.

Harris paused. 'And did you tone it down?' I asked him. I should have known better. He replied, majestically: 'I refused to change a single word. "My work must stand", I said, "You may take it or leave it. I'll not Bayswater it down to please anybody!"'

As he recalled the injustices he still smarted under, Harris became angry all over again. His tone was rather that of a park orator haranguing the crowd. Only about half of what he said made sense, but all of it was amusing to a stranger, hearing the recital of his woes for the first time. Presently he said, 'I left America as I left England; because I was treated shamefully!'

'How did they treat you shamefully?' I asked him; and he replied by telling me of the difficulties that befell him when he decided to write the story of his life. Frank Harris had been acquainted with many of the most brilliant men of his day, and the story of his life should have been welcomed by any publisher: but in fact no reputable publisher in England or America would touch it. So in the end the book had to be secretly printed in Germany and smuggled into English-speaking countries—where it was sold under the counter at three guineas the volume.

Not having read the book, I asked what he had put into it that caused so much fuss. 'I put in the *truth*', he cried, 'nothing but the truth. I sent a copy to Shaw, who wrote saying that he would have defended the book had it not been for the illustrations'.

So I asked Harris what the illustrations were like. 'Just naked figures', he said, 'nothing more. Yet Shaw objected to them. I asked him if he couldn't find fault with the way the covers were stuck together or something equally irrelevant'. Harris went on to tell me that the French police were now on his track: 'They come up to my villa, armed with revolvers and warrants to search through all my papers. I give them a drink and a hundred francs and they leave me in peace without seeing a thing. But it's all very worrying, and I'm obliged to hold myself ready for trial at any moment'.

'But have the French police told you what they object to?' I asked him.

He said: 'They've marked certain passages in the book to which the English might take exception'.

'What kind of passages?'

'I'll tell you'. When Harris had quoted two passages, both concerning distinguished and important Englishmen, to which the British Government objected, I was left in no doubt as to who was in the right. However, I was much amused by his quotation from another passage which was also strongly objected to.

'They object to what I have said in my book about Robert Browning, the poet', he said. 'I once asked Browning if it wasn't some woman other than his wife who'd inspired the more pas-

sionate lines in his poems. Quite rightly, perhaps, Browning snubbed me by refusing to answer my somewhat impertinent question. But what the British authorities object to is my implied suggestion that any English gentleman could ever be inspired to passion by anybody except his wife'.

By this time I was beginning to feel sorry for Harris. Once he had been a comparatively wealthy man. Now he was poor as well as persecuted. And in those odd pyjamas of his, tucked into the woollen bedsocks, he looked an object of pity.

At the date of my visit to him very few people cared any longer to count Frank Harris as a friend. He was despised and rejected by many who found themselves unable to excuse his often libellous writings, to say nothing of his pornographic autobiography. But Shaw, always the most magnanimous of men, continued to stick up for his old editor. He regarded Harris as nothing worse than a man born out of his time; a blustering buccaneer who might have flourished on the Spanish Main. But this did not mean that Shaw was above telling Harris what a poor opinion he had of his latest work. The work in question was a play Harris had written about St. Joan, which he firmly believed was a far better play than Shaw's. He said to me: 'I wrote my play before I read Shaw's. I wrote it because I knew Joan: I'd lived with her for years, just as I'd lived with Shakespeare'.

Harris then got up from his chair and after rummaging through some papers he produced samples of the lively correspondence between himself and Shaw. Shaw wrote: 'Your play has arrived, and first, I ask how you could be so unbusiness-like, when I had just reopened the mediaeval theatre market for saints and proved it to be an extremely lucrative one, as to come into that market with the one saint in whom I had made a hopeless corner'. Shaw then went on to say that possibly Harris had originally intended to write a short story about Joan, but added that even if he had written one it would have been no good, because the story of the saint's life was not suitable material for either O. Henry or de Maupassant. Finally he advised Harris to drop his play into the waste-paper basket with a good-humoured laugh and apologise to posterity for the surviving copies.

But this advice Harris discarded. 'I was astounded to get such a letter from Shaw', he said. 'Astounded! And this is how I answered him'. He read me what he had written:

You talk of the 'Joan ground' as being yours and you would shoo me off the grass. This inspires me to tell you something of the truth about your play in your own vein. In the interminable four hours of it there were only two moments in which you tried to realise Joan. You make the peasant girl speak to her King as 'Charlie', in open court—an anachronism as glaring as your epilogue, and you make Joan tear up her recantation, which is contrary to historical fact, but which is a fine theatrical gesture; so much for your attempt to realise the heroine; but your Chief Inquisitor gets a speech of fifteen hundred words, which an actor can make effective by giving it his own individuality and character but which otherwise simply makes one yawn to hear. Then you place three men at a table to tell all you know about France in the beginning of the fifteenth century, for thirty-two intolerable minutes by the watch, and they say nothing of any human value to any living soul—and yet you call this your drama.

Putting down the letter, Harris said: 'That's what I think of Bernard Shaw today. Yet to me he is the chief figure from 1895 to 1900, as Oscar Wilde was in the previous years'.

### A Curious Picture Gallery

His mention of Wilde's name caused Harris to turn to one of the pictures hanging on the wall: a water-colour by Rops of a large lady sprawling on a couch. 'I bought it', he said, 'because the woman's head and face are so remarkably like my poor friend Wilde's. A quite uncanny likeness, don't you think?' I agreed that it was, and thereafter my host conducted me round his curious picture gallery. Presently we came upon the most startling drawing of a nude. Harris said: 'Now that is the only "naughty" drawing that Whistler ever did. I had done him a small service and he gave it me as a reward. Charming, isn't it?'

Charming was hardly the adjective I would have chosen. 'Arresting' better described the drawing. And if I were asked to describe Frank Harris himself, as he appeared to me that morning long ago, in his untidy bedroom in Nice, I would use the same word. I found him an 'arresting' personality.—*Home Service*



# The Last Fiesta

By LAURIE LEE

**T**HIS is the story of my first, and probably my last, encounter with a Spanish bull. I met him last year and he was not very big, but I am telling the humble story now before the passage of time enlarges the legend in my mind. We came to Spain rather late in the summer when the sun had already lost its bite and the big festivals of the year were done and gone. But the season was not over, even so. In a small Basque village, thirty miles up in the mountains, one solitary rustic saint still waited his local celebration. So on a morning of green rain, chill and northern in its light, I took a train, with two beautiful girls for company, and we set off into the mountains to catch this last fiesta.

## Into the Golden Village

The train was slow as a mule, but at last we pulled up among some grassy crags; a watery sun came out, and there was the village in a bowl of the hills, compact and golden as a heap of barley sugar. The village was old and stony, crumbling and medieval-looking, but its air of holiday was electric, incandescent. From its honied walls came a concentrated bee-like hum. Tattered shawls and battered carpets hung in threadbare splendour from the writhing iron-work of the balconies. A rough-spun music blared forth from every *café*. And hot-eyed youths, wearing jackets like renaissance capes, gazed deeply at my two companions and uttered low cries of admiration as we passed.

The barricaded square was the centre stage, the heart of the day's feast, the core of its celebrations. From the church one could hear the tinkling of bells and the incantations of Mass, but already congregations of youths, matrons, veiled girls and shepherds were streaming forth to gaze on the bannered bull-ring with awe and expectation in their faces. Presently a town crier, wearing a long blue cape and a three-cornered hat, came marching across the square to a roll of drums. People drew back, dogs yelped and crept away, while the man stood beating his drum into a frenzy. Then, when a proper silence had settled upon the village, he threw back his shaggy head and in a voice that rattled all round the mountains he made his announcement. At three o'clock in the afternoon, he said, two bulls will be killed by two illustrious matadors. But before that, at twelve noon, a young bull will be turned loose in the square and all who wish may enter the ring and play him.

At this the people cheered and clapped. An old crone standing next to us cackled thinly and said, 'There'll be some broken heads today, please God'. But I, hearing this last announcement, had suddenly gone cold with excitement. Here was an opportunity I had always wanted, and I swore this time to take it.

## Mounting Tension

It was half-past eleven now and tension was mounting fast. Fat, panting women were already climbing up into their seats, and little boys were playing at bulls in the ring, charging, snorting, and rolling in death on the sand. We approached a whiskered village elder and asked him for further particulars about the fight. He doffed his hat, pointed to a shabby tavern leaning athwart the church, and spoke with a flourish. 'That is the Bar Coyote', he said. 'It is an establishment, by the way, which we have named after a distinguished American gentleman. Go there, and you will find the matadors even now preparing for the fray'.

So we went there, and we found a long wine-wet bar, great barrels round the walls, shell-fish on the floor, but no matadors, only a huddle of dandified young men, drinking, arguing, and making passes at imaginary bulls. We asked them about this free-for-all at noon, and what kind of bull it would be, and so on; and they were enchanted by our interest. The animal, they said, will

be beautiful and fierce, and when he is turned loose every man in the village will be there to meet him. I drank some cognac and felt my spirit strengthen. Could I, even a stranger, also have a go? I asked. But of course, they cried, the village would be honoured; and they looked at each other with almost sinister pleasure.

At first my two companions tried to dissuade me, but it was almost immediately too late. Word had already gone round that the Englishman would fight the bull. The seats in the square filled up fast with the villagers, they perched on the roof-tops, they squatted in the trees, impatient for the spectacle. The experts in the bar began to ply me with drink, load me with advice, slap me on the back, and wish me good luck. Even my fair companions, warmed now with Coyote wine, began to look at me with new expressions of excitement, almost of blood-lust, in their eyes. We'll be watching you, they said, from the balcony. And don't worry: whatever happens, we'll take some beautiful photographs.

Zero hour drew near, and I was escorted to the ring-side. There was no turning back now. But I bid myself take courage. Had I not been told that every man in the village would be there? If anything went wrong I would have plenty of support. So I took off my jacket, made a few preliminary passes, ducked into the ring, and waited. Then the church clock struck twelve, and a great cry went up. At the far end of the ring, where the bull-pens were, I saw a couple of men fumble with a padlock, then skip for shelter. The next moment, a young bull came rocketing forth, small and black as a meteor, his sharp heels kicking up high in the air, his stiff gold tail like sparks behind him.

## Alone in the Ring

Slowly, holding my jacket like a shield, I stepped forward to meet him. I was warm with cognac and felt no fear. Then the bull turned in a flurry of sand, pulled up, and looked at me. It was only then that I realised that I was alone in the ring. The boys of the village, on whom I had built my pride, not one was there, all were behind the rails, waiting and watching, and here I was, alone. The watching bull had lowered his head right down. His two red eyes smoked with moving fires, his tail switched slowly, his black horns stroked the air. Keep still, I said, and move your jacket thus; for bulls are simpletons, they never charge the man, only the moving cape.

Suddenly I felt the glamour of being there, with the encircling crowd, electric and still, and we drawing their eyes like two poles in a magnetic field. So I stood my ground and moved the jacket slowly, inviting the bull to charge. He watched me slyly, lowered his head still further, blew with his rosy nostrils in the sand and pawed the ground delicately with his hoof. Then, in a rush, he made up his mind. With a snort of pleasurable anger he charged me across the ring, jaunty as a tug in bucking water. Nearer and nearer he came, kicking up the sand like spray. I kept my feet together and moved the jacket slowly to the right. Then something terrible went wrong. For at the last moment, instead of following the cape, he turned sharply, rolling his eyes, and caught me head-on with his hard, black skull.

I remember being conscious of no pain at all, only of the high, excited screams of the women and of a sense of utter surprise and let-down. This was not at all what was supposed to have happened. Somebody wasn't playing the game. Instinctively I grasped his horns, like the handlebars of a bicycle, and hung there grimly, while he carried me across the ring, bounced me a couple of times on his cranium, and then dropped me in a heap on the sand.

He left me where I fell and trotted arrogantly away. So I picked myself up, retrieved my tattered jacket, and turned to face him again. The sun shone blue on his steaming flanks. I heard the dry, excited chatter of the crowd. I heard the cries of my



two companions urging me to get out of it quick. But I could not, there were faces to be saved. Besides I was feeling cross; that first toss had been a mistake, a miscalculation, but it would not happen again.

So I stamped my foot and shouted (though not very loud) and the bull turned and looked at me again, rather disdainfully, and flicked his tail, and did nothing. This was even more embarrassing. So, croaking, I raised my voice, and began to jump up and down; and at last the beast obliged. It was all over very quickly. He came at me head down, very fast; I made great play with my cape; but this time, with impudent humour, he ignored it altogether, caught me fair and square between the horns and tossed me right across the ring. Fortunately he was a pacific bull, content to teach his own wry lessons in his own way, so again he turned aside and let me lie.

By that time there was nothing I wanted to do so much as crawl away and hide. But having picked myself up, and regained my breath and examined my battered bones, I saw that the bull was now busy entertaining the crowd by chasing two men who had at last come to my aid. So I allowed myself one final gesture. Sidling up behind him, while he was friskily engaged with the other two, I tried to slap him on the rump. But he saw me coming and turned on me with a roar. I had had enough, I turned and fled. I felt his hot breath on my heels, I readied myself for his tearing horns. I ran without once looking back, and dived over the barrier at last—to find a small boy, chewing nuts, who remarked: 'You needn't have run so hard you know. He hasn't been chasing you, he's gone home'.

And sure enough, so it was. The bull, having grown tired of the sport, had broken off the combat, and trotted back into his stall. The noon-time games were over.

They were over, but their rewards were only just beginning, and these were surprising, for as I limped back, crestfallen, into the Bar Coyote, I found myself a hero. 'Torero!' cried the crowd. 'Que Valiente! Que fenómeno!' The girls came down from their balcony, flushed with the spectacle, eager to see my bruises. Red wines and white were pressed upon us. I was thumped and prodded, cheered and applauded. The bar filled

up and my health was drunk by all. Then the experts gathered and delivered their judgement. You were brave, they said, like all Englishmen, but like all Englishmen you lacked grace. And, now that it is all over, we will tell you one thing. That bull has spent all the summer travelling round all the villages and he knows more of the cape than any bull alive. We would not have gone into the ring with him for a million pesetas. So they laughed, and slapped me on the back, and I knew at last why I had stood in that ring alone.

After lunch two rather damp-faced youths were presented to us at our table. These are the matadors, we were told. They are very valiant and will kill the bulls in the afternoon.

It was not much of a fight, however. The boys, both novices and only too eager to make a name for themselves, fought with desperate, almost hysterical, courage. But they had a hard time of it and escaped only by miracles. When we received them at last, back in the Bar Coyote, they were weeping with anger and shame; but with bottles of wine and cries of 'Valiente!' their spirits were soon restored.

The rest of the evening passed in a tropic haze of merriment and festivity. The matadors grew brave in their recollections and warm with the praise of their friends. And so did I. My noon-time scramble became a feat of arms, the bull ever bigger, and my fight ever more fine and elegant. As the red wine flowed we congratulated each other, and all the imperfections of the day were forgotten in a sense of present pride. We were grand *toreros* all, and the presence of our beautiful companions was proof of our valour. A choir gathered round and sang us songs of death and martyrdom and of maidens wronged far from home. They even composed a few verses specially in our honour. Then there were fireworks and stars and a bright moon over the mountains, and the feast at last was over.

But to carry away with us, back to the northern world, we had some pleasant prizes—including a memory of the bulls and the golden village, some bottles of red Rioja, some crumpled visiting cards from the matadors, a small bruise on my leg, and a roll of film that fortunately never came out.

—Home Service

## Sheepdog Trials in Hyde Park

A shepherd stands at one end of the arena.  
Five sheep are unpenned at the other. His dog runs out  
In a curve to behind them, fetches them straight to the shepherd,  
Then drives the flock round a triangular course.  
Through a couple of gates and back to his master; two  
Must be sorted there from the flock, then all five penned.  
Gathering, driving away, shedding and penning  
Are the plain words for the miraculous game.

An abstract game. What can the sheepdog make of such  
Simplified terrain?—no hills, dales, bogs, walls, tracks,  
Only a quarter-mile plain of grass, dumb crowds  
Like crowds on hoardings around it, and behind them  
Traffic or mounds of lovers and children playing.  
Well, the dog is no landscape-fancier; his whole concern  
Is with his master's whistle, and of course  
With the flock—sheep are sheep anywhere for him.

The sheep are the chanciest element. Why, for instance,  
Go through this gate when there's on either side of it  
No wall or hedge but huge and viable space?  
Why not eat the grass instead of being pushed around it?  
Like blobs of quicksilver on a tilting board  
The flock erratically runs, dithers, breaks up,  
Is reassembled: their ruling idea is the dog;  
And behind the dog, though they know it not yet, is a shepherd.

The shepherd knows that time is of the essence  
But haste calamitous. Between dog and sheep  
There is always an ideal distance, a perfect angle;  
But these are constantly varying, so the man  
Should anticipate each move through the dog, his medium.  
The shepherd is the brain behind the dog's brain,  
But his control of dog, like dog's of sheep,  
Is never absolute—that's the beauty of it.

For beautiful it is. The guided missiles,  
The black-and-white angels follow each quirk and yink of  
The evasive sheep, play grandmother's steps behind them,  
Freeze to the ground, or leap to head off a straggler  
Almost before it knows that it wants to stray,  
As if radar-controlled. But they are not machines—  
You can feel them feeling mastery, doubt, chagrin:  
Machines don't frolic when their job is done.

What's needfully done in the solitude of sheep-runs—  
Those rough, real tasks become this stylised game,  
A demonstration of intuitive wit  
Kept natural by the saving grace of error.  
To lift, to fetch, to drive, to shed, to pen  
Are acts I recognise, with all they mean  
Of shepherding the unruly, for a kind of  
Controlled woolgathering is my work too.

C. DAY LEWIS



# The Fulness of Time

The first of four talks for Advent by the Rev. R. S. BARBOUR

**I** WONDER if you think of time as I do? I think of it as a long line, stretching out backwards into the past and forwards into the future. At various points along the bit of the line that is past there are marks showing where important things happened. Obviously one of those marks is at the point where the change is made from B.C. to A.D. This is an especially important moment. 'When the fulness of time was come God sent forth His Son' wrote St. Paul to the Church in Galatia; and Jesus himself, according to St. Mark, appeared one day in Galilee with this announcement: 'The time is fulfilled and the Kingdom of God is at hand'.

## God's Plan for His World

In recent years people have pointed out that it was in fact a good time for a new faith to appear; the Roman Emperor Augustus had succeeded in bringing peace to the whole Mediterranean world, and Christianity profited from this and spread quickly. But this was not in the least what the early Christians meant when they said that the fulness of time had come. They meant, rather, something like this: 'God has had a plan for His world from the beginning, and He has been working in it all along, in spite of human rebelliousness which has served to conceal the fact; He has made the necessary preparations, and now, in His own good time, He has seen fit to show His hand—in a most unexpected way, through the life, death, and New Life of Jesus of Nazareth. It is astonishing, but it is true, that this New Life is springing up all over the place in the little Christian communities. This is the New Age that everybody has been dreaming about. It is the turning-point in history. Now we can see what the past was all about—therefore go back to your Old Testament and read it again in the light of what has happened; now we can have a life worth living in the present—nothing less than the life of Christ Himself in us; now we can have a firm assurance about the future—He has promised to come again, and since He is God and not man He will certainly keep the promise'.

Something like this the early Christians meant when they spoke of the fulness of time; and that triumphant word 'now' goes ringing through the New Testament. It must indeed have been an exciting generation in which to be alive: Upon us, as St. Paul said, the ends of the ages have come. Since this great moment happened, the past, the present, and the future had all begun to look different. They were filled with a meaning that they had never had before.

But this hardly seems to apply to us today. It all happened a long time ago, and we are no longer at that critical point in time. So when Christians say that in Advent they are looking forward to the Coming of Christ most people would be inclined to reply that this is meaningless talk, or mere wishful thinking. Everyone agrees that Christ came—and went again—2,000 years ago; many people are even prepared to agree (as a recent public-opinion poll suggested) that He was, or is, the Son of God, but why, they would say, why link this coming in the past with another coming in the present? This just seems to be mystifying. And, still more, why link it with a coming in the future at the end of time? What would this be like, and how could we know anything about it anyway? What matters to us is the world as we know it today, and not the distant past or future.

## Concealing Our Emptiness

But the penalty of being human is that we cannot get rid of the past and the future. Our roots go a long way back into the past and our hopes surprisingly far out into the future; and we need both, just as we also need some real purpose to live for and some real opportunities in the present. If we have a clear picture of what we believe life to be and why we are in it, then time, as it goes by, has a meaning for us; it is full, and not empty. This

kind of emptiness, unfortunately, seems to be only too common in a society like ours which does not know where it is going. Many people conceal this from themselves by being busy, like the commuter, the man who spends his life

In riding to and from his wife;  
Who shaves, and eats, and takes a train  
And then rides back to shave again

—never allowing himself to stop and think about the ends to which he is directing all his energies. But whatever the reason, and however we conceal it from ourselves, somewhere or other in the lives of all of us there is an emptiness, and consciously or unconsciously we are always trying to fill it.

It is perhaps not too fanciful to say that there are three different ways in which people can live, and that to be healthy you need to live in all three, but most of us are deficient in one or another. First, you may live on the past or in it—and we can all think of people who do that; second, you may live for the future, like the refugee whose one hope is to make a new start in a new land; and third, you may live absorbed in the present. Most people alternate between these three, and only keep alive and healthy by alternating between them: 'we look before and after, and pine for what is not'. From this point of view it could be said that many cases of mental disease are the result of failure to keep the balance right; and you know how much time we all spend, even if we are not mentally ill, in vainly regretting the past or worrying about the future.

## The Past and the Future

I do not think that I need give many examples of these three ways of living for you to see what I mean. On the whole, it seems to me, we in this country live for the future, as can be seen from our two main religions, one of which is the religion of getting on in the world, making money, making a success of life, etc., and the other is faith in the power of science. But in Britain we have always had also a strong element of living in or for the past; and that is only natural too, when we remember that we are moving into a new era in which our position in the world is going to be different from what it used to be, and in some ways less exalted than it used to be. It is not hard to feel nostalgic for the good old days.

The Communists are clearer examples of those who live for the future than are most of the rest of us; and, to come no nearer home, perhaps the Pharisees in the New Testament are as good an example of living in the past as we could find: 'You have a fine way', said Jesus to them, 'you have a fine way of rejecting the commandment of God, in order to keep your tradition!'

We must not push this way of thinking too far; it is obvious, for example, that although the Communists lay great stress on the good time which they think is coming in the future yet they only arrive at the idea of this good time through a particular understanding of the past and a ruthless analysis of the needs of the present. All the same, I think that this way of looking at things helps us to see more clearly three of the diseases—spiritual diseases—from which men are always suffering. The first of these—and it is particularly prevalent today—is the disease of having no real past, the result of being torn up by the roots and losing the inherited standards of the past. The second is the disease of having no hope for the future, and this too is very prevalent in a time when the future contains so many horrifying possibilities that most people just do not think about it; and by their failure to do so perhaps bring those horrifying possibilities a little nearer. Finally, there is the disease of having nothing really to engage one's whole being in the present; the disease of being depersonalised, to use the modern word, of being part of a great mass of people with no separate status and nothing really absorbing to do.

If, whether consciously or subconsciously, we do have a real



past which has meaning for us; if we have a future before us which gives us a genuine hope; and if we have some task or activity in the present in which we can lose ourselves and find fulfilment—then we are beginning to know what the fulness of time is, and to discover that it means both health and salvation. We are beginning to understand that there is a fulness of time now, just as there was for the earliest Christians. We should then see why it is that we must not only remember Christ's coming in the past at this Advent time, but also await His coming here and now, and look forward to His coming at the end of history. If

we can see that these further comings of Christ do make sense of our own lives, then perhaps it will not seem so nonsensical to talk of a second coming in the future, and of His coming through the Spirit now in the time of this present life, in which He also came to visit us, in great humility, at a precise moment in the past. With these three needs of all human beings—a past, a present, and a future—and these three comings of Christ I hope to try to deal in the remaining three talks; for it is still true that 'Now is the accepted time: now is the day of Salvation'—for you, today, just as much as for St. Paul who first wrote these words.

—Home Service

## The Best Job I Ever Had

SIR CONRAD CORFIELD on his Residency at Jaipur

I HAD often dreamt of living in a gracious house, surrounded by a lovely garden, where I could entertain guests of distinction and have enough leisure from interesting work to read and think. The dream came true when I was posted in 1938 as the Resident at Jaipur in Rajputana and found myself installed in the Residency.

And what a lovely house it was: originally a Queen Mother's garden-retreat from the bustle of the city—enclosed by a rectangle of fifteen-foot walls, festooned with pink and white polygnum, on the terrace at the centre a Mogul pavilion roofed with three lovely cupolas. At each corner (to guard its seclusion from the surrounding dust and sand) rose a smaller cupola, under which one could sit to catch the evening breeze. At one of these corners was a sort of porter's lodge and in it a haunted room: haunted (it was said) by a fakir who, when the sacred tree under which he used to sit was 'requisitioned' and cut down to complete the garden walls, took his life on that spot. Haunted, too, was the pavilion with its echoing steps, and the bells which rang when there was no one there to ring them.

Generations of British Residents had created a garden so English that when I first drove through the great arched gateway into its green solitude I gasped with amazement. There were lawns with flowering trees; the scarlet gul-mohur and the jacaranda with its mauve blossom. (One young visitor exclaimed when the jacaranda petals fell, 'Mummy, I've seen blue grass!'). There was a rose garden of deep crimson blooms: a border of carnations against a redstone latticed wall: and a blaze of cannas to hide the guard room where the khaki sentries dozed. And there were peacocks, preening their tails by day and squawking from the tree tops at sunset.

At right-angles to the old pavilion a new wing had been built which was fortunately neither an imitation nor an eyesore; this provided the rooms required for official parties and receptions: and it had been extended in 1911 to accommodate Her Majesty the late Queen Mary. In it were two of the noblest brass bedsteads I had ever seen. A young guest, who had been told by her mother about the previous illustrious occupant, could not be comforted when I was unable to say definitely which of the two

beds had been occupied on that august occasion, so she was allowed to sleep one night in each.

To such a house, in such surroundings, invitations were always welcome. These of course included friends and acquaintances: but official visitors and guests sponsored by the highest in the land were also forthcoming. Among them I remember in 1938 the great German financier Dr. Schacht, who explained his visit to

India by saying that, as I would be aware, he was not very popular at the moment in his own country. His reception by the German communities in Bombay and elsewhere hardly confirmed this. He closed his visit to the Residency by clicking his heels and saying: 'I have come to the conclusion that if the British had not been in India they would have had to be invented'. Did he mean 'replaced'? Another visitor about the same time whose name I see in my visitors' book, was the beautiful and cultured secretary of the German Consul-General, who had succeeded



The Residency at Jaipur, from the garden

(as she thought) in tying to her chariot wheels the bachelor Secretary of the Army Department; but he was not so simple as some people thought!

One visitor who gave me considerable anxiety was the Marchioness who wanted a large amethyst and expected me to ensure that she was not cheated. The Jaipur jewellers are famous throughout Hindustan and their store of emeralds unsurpassed. As one of the leading jewellers said to me, 'A jewel's value is what the purchaser is prepared to pay'—and I had no idea what the Marchioness was prepared to pay. However, I managed to obtain expert advice on the amethyst which she had chosen and was told it was worth barely half the price asked. So she took it back. A few days later I met the jeweller and apologised for having interfered. He smiled and said no apology was needed: her ladyship had bought the amethyst. When I asked for details, he told me that he had noted the reluctance with which she returned the jewel: he had therefore taken it to the station on her departure to give her *another* last look: she couldn't bear to be parted from it again and paid his price. After that I let my lady guests do their own bargaining.

In such surroundings it was easy to entertain. There were two tennis courts, a squash court and a swimming bath—all in the



grounds. But these were pedestrian amenities for the visitor from abroad. For them, there was always the city, a dream of pink buildings, with its broad thoroughfares laid out in squares by the great Maharaja Jai Singh—and inside each square (where visitors did not penetrate) the same conditions as in any other Indian city: there was the palace of the winds with its fretted balconies, decorating only the street frontage: there was the old palace with its fountains and terraces: and the museum with its priceless Persian carpets. Then there was the palace at Amber to be climbed on a swaying elephant: and the monkeys to feed round the sacred temples at Galta: and the jungles to visit where tiger still had room to flourish. No one, however, was allowed to visit the sacred fort overshadowing the city, where hereditary guards had held sway since the foundation of the State; even the Ruler could visit it only once during his reign and then only to take his pick of one of the treasures still hidden in its vaults. His Highness, the present Ruler, would never tell me whether he had yet made this visit and if so what he had chosen!

It may appear from what I have said that the Resident at Jaipur led a country house life worthy of the laziest landowner. This was not so. I had enough work to occupy me. There were five States with which I was concerned: five States of infinite variety.

Jaipur, where my headquarters were, was the chief in size and general importance. It was also almost entirely Rajput in population and tradition. The Ruler had been adopted from his village at the age of eleven, and has since become a world-famous polo player, a glamorous socialite and, recently Rajpramukh of Rajasthan. How well I remember Lord Reading's first visit to the State in 1922, when His Highness was brought in 'with the dessert' to stand behind His Excellency and be presented. During his minority the State was administered by political officers and, even after His Highness had been invested with ruling powers, there was much for the Resident to do, by diplomatic contact, to help the administration. Amongst the officials employed by the State were many British officers, engineers, doctors, policemen, revenue experts, and general administrators. One of the best known as a 'character' was a police officer of enormous girth—



Jagatshiromani temple at Amber, outside Jaipur

an expert at tracking down the gangs of robbers called dacoits who infest so many parts of India. He had the capacity to stay awake for long intervals when on duty and then to fall asleep in any position he happened to be in. He would come to dinner, swallow his soup, and then fall fast asleep. The servants knew the drill and kept his other courses warm so that he could have his meal when he woke up. This could be during the dessert or when all the guests had left: but he never moved in his chair meanwhile. One of his exploits was a classic in Rajputana. Information had been received that a leading dacoit was in the habit of visiting a certain lady friend at regular intervals. As soon as the date of his next visit was known, the village was surrounded by guards, with strict instructions not to advance until our police officer blew his whistle. Guided by the informer he made his way to the roof of the lady's bower and awaited the dacoit's visit. But the roof was thin and he was heavy. Hearing sounds of revelry in the room below he turned over to blow his whistle. The roof gave way. The guards advanced and on entering the house found, not the dacoit, but their Superintendent on the lady's bed.

A complete contrast to Jaipur was the neighbouring State of Tonk, with a Muslim Ruler, descended from Pindari freebooters, who had retained their hold on scattered territories in Rajputana and Central India after the break up of the Moghul Empire. Surrounded as the Nawab was by Hindu Rulers, he made no bones about wishing to be on good terms with the British Raj. But His Highness suffered from the misfortunes of polygamy. Having married a fourth young wife to please himself, he found he could no longer please the other three, and the calm of palace life was seriously disturbed. In desperation he consulted his Mullah (his religious adviser) and proposed a plan. He would pronounce the divorce of one of his wives without saying which. The Mullah needed practical persuasion before agreeing; but, once done, His Highness returned to the palace and summoned his wives. He opened the proceedings by saying that he had divorced one of them. This was greeted with loud protestations and enquiries as to which one. 'That is a secret!' he said and dismissed them. I was told that he had peace for twelve months.

Another smaller State was Kishengarh, where the Ruler had been ill for some time. The news of his death reached the Residency as I sat down to dinner one cold December evening. He was to be cremated that night. So I hurriedly packed my full



The palace of the winds with its fretted balconies



dress uniform and dashed into the car to reach Kishengarh at midnight. The guest house was deserted. Everyone was at the funeral ground. Shivering with cold I changed into tight blue overalls and gold embroidered coat by the light of a stable lantern. Then, grasping my spiked helmet and the hilt of my swaying sword, I leapt into the car again. The Chief Minister met me at the outskirts of the milling crowd and said I was too late: the body had undergone its last cleansing rites and the funeral pyre was already lit. As he spoke, flames shot into the cold starlit sky and disclosed an inner cordon of canvas fencing from behind which the gruesome wailing of the mourners could be heard above the murmurs of the crowd.

### Gesture of Respect—Unnoticed

I was determined to make a token gesture of respect and with some reluctance it was agreed that I should be allowed to step inside the fencing and salute the dead. Carefully avoiding a tent rope I entered quietly, saluted vaguely in the direction of the funeral pyre, and stepped back. No one noticed: but I could now report officially that the Paramount Power had been duly represented at His late Highness' obsequies, and return to Jaipur with the keys of the State Treasury and the Palace jewels safe in my pocket. The new Ruler being a boy, the State came under my administration, which meant more work.

The smallest State in my political charge was Shahpura. The Raja was not only the Ruler but also a landowner of the neighbouring State of Udaipur. In the latter capacity it was his duty to appear before the Maharana of Udaipur, the leading Rajput Prince, and remain attached to his Court for a specified period every year, unless excused. As a Ruler of an independent State the Raja considered it beneath his dignity to appear and always asked to be excused. The Maharana eventually took exception and threatened to forfeit his fief if he did not appear. Although the personal comforts of the Raja and his family depended on the income from this fief, Rajput pride was too strong to face surrender. He refused again and in due course the fief was confiscated. The Raja never forgave us for not protecting his pride and his pocket.

The main headache in my time arose from the so-called Sikar rebellion and its consequences. Before my arrival, an enquiry into the status of the Jaipur feudal nobles had led to the conclusion that their claims to semi-independent status had little historical support. Whereupon, the Raja of Sikar, whose claims were strongest, shut himself up in his fort and dared the State authorities to evict him. Such disturbances in the States were like honey to the Congress Party bees, and their emissaries soon gathered round to see what political value they could extract from the excitement. In fact, the platform for agitation seemed so favourable that Mr. Gandhi was persuaded to take a personal interest: he was the more ready to do so as his friend, Mr. Jamnalal Bajaj, the Treasurer of the Congress, was a Jaipur State subject and interested in securing power in the State.

### A Test Case

Just about the same time, however, a dispute arose over a constitution for the Rajkot State in Kathiawar; and as Rajkot was Mr. Gandhi's home town, he decided to adopt that dispute as his test case against autocratic rule in the Indian States. The situation in Jaipur, though not complicated by Mr. Gandhi's presence, remained tense. Mr. Bajaj was determined to lead the agitation. The State authorities were determined not to make him a martyr. He made his first entry into the State by road. His car was intercepted at the border and he was 'persuaded' to go back. A few days later he returned by train. At Jaipur station he was shepherded through the crowds by 'traffic control' police; guided to a waiting car, and whisked off back to Agra. He tried again by a 'secret' route (of which previous information had been received). He was met and escorted to a comfortable shooting box as a State Guest.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gandhi was fasting at Rajkot and the attention of all India was diverted there. By the time the fast was over, public interest in Jaipur could not be revived; and Mr. Bajaj was glad to go quietly home. Partly luck—partly good management: but all part of the job.

The fifth State in my charge was Alwar. The late Ruler had been deposed after an insurrection of his Muslim subjects had brought to light gross misgovernment. He had died an exile in Bombay. His body was embalmed there and despatched in a refrigerated van to Alwar, where the cremation was to take place. It was customary for the Rulers of Alwar to be carried to the funeral pyre seated in State on an elephant. At the station the Maharaja's stiffened body was fitted with great difficulty into the howdah, dressed in full regalia. Except that his eyes were closed it was difficult to believe that this ceremonial figure was a corpse. Just before the procession started, one of the Princes standing nearby took compassion on the sightless face and adorned it with his own glare glasses. The effect was so lifelike that the crowds lining the route gasped with mingled amazement and terror. The rumour even spread that he had been burnt alive as this was the only way of bringing his evil influence to an end.

### Peace, Progress, and Dulness

Under the new regime there was peace and progress: but when a local inhabitant was asked if he would like the old days of tyranny to return, his reply was 'No! But it's been very dull since!' There was no longer a chance for the favourite groom to become Court Chamberlain or the handsome footman to be presented with a country estate.

Soon after, I was transferred to Baluchistan. So I stayed for only two years in 'the best job I ever had'. Fortunately for me, I realised at the time it was the best and knew it would never come my way again. How clear it is now that the charm, the variety and the usefulness it brought me belong to the unrepeatable past!

—Home Service

## The Merman

He who came up out of the waves to lie  
On grass that night in a mortal field, had moon  
Enough in his shining shoulders to make a sky  
And need enough on his tongue to besiege a town.  
He made no pretence and he warned the human girl  
He could not treat her well.

He lay there only to breathe from his loved sea-battle  
And hold the hurt that was nine parts of the spell  
Fondling it red and light like a poppy petal.  
She saw the wound—there was no deception at all—  
It bled back into his heart with life and lust,  
Nothing was shed or lost.

But she was eager as Noah to loose the dove  
To the evergreen landfall; being a faithless fool  
She betrayed her own defeat in the ditch of love.  
She saw how his mouth curved like the tip of a nail,  
Forgot the straight lips of a former lover,  
And again was a believer.

So the girl and the merman lay but she could not reach  
His stony arm through the water, while for him  
The mortal midnight was warped into a witch  
And the mortal beast was a pallid and gentle lamb.  
So he rose and turned to the ocean, diving far  
Down to his holy war.

She who had once been worsted in real encounter  
Spent much sunlight in weeping and some in hating.  
She clutched a frond that grew from the sea's centre  
But never came by true land to a true meeting,  
For the sea in which he lay was a phoenix lawn  
Whose grass could never be mown.

PATRICIA BEER



# Working in Loud Noise

By D. E. BROADBENT

**N**EXT time you have nothing to do when riding as a passenger in a car, amuse yourself by watching the driver's eyes. You will notice that they are shut for a good deal of the time, because he has to blink a certain number of times per hour. This need not alarm you, because the same is true of all drivers and it does not seem to impair their efficiency. Why do blinks have so little effect?

In the first place, blinks do not happen when the driver is expecting to have to notice something. He does not blink as much when turning into a busy street as he does when cruising on a straight, empty road. In addition, when a driver is faced with a novel situation he can look at it for a certain time without blinking. The longer he goes on, the more likely he is to blink; but for brief spells blinking can be stopped. Also an experienced driver in a familiar situation often does not need to see everything that has happened in order to take appropriate action: it is only the novice who looks at the gear lever. Because of these facts, and also because each blink lasts only a small fraction of a second, our work is hardly affected by our frequent blinks.

## Internal Blinks

Let us suppose two things: first, that something analogous to blinking can occur within the nervous system, between the eyes and the brain. We would not see it happening, as we see the eyelids closing, but even so there would be a brief interruption in the flow of messages through the eye and up to the brain. Secondly, let us suppose that these internal blinks each last about a second. In this case the effect on our car driver's efficiency would be more serious, although he might still be able to undertake drives which involve only short spells in heavy traffic and in which the traffic never appears unexpectedly.

If loud, continuous noise were to cause such internal blinks of a second or so in length we would get a real but very limited effect on working efficiency, and some recent experiments show such an effect: perhaps I should say, the same absence of effect.

If we measure a man's reaction time by warning him that a light is going to flash and that he must press a button when it does, we would not expect blinking to affect his performance. Similarly, reaction time measured in this way has been shown repeatedly to be in general unaffected by noise. You can see just as faint a light in noise as you can in quiet; you can hold your hand out just as steadily; you can perform rhythmic, repeated movements just as efficiently. All these are functions which would not be affected by blinking, even if each blink lasted a second; and equally they are unaffected by loud noise. No short task, of ten minutes or less, has ever shown effects of prolonged noise on people who are accustomed to it: just as short tasks would be left unaffected by blinking.

But if noise produces some internal process, like blinking but inside your head, we would expect that men who have been working for a long time in noise might fail to notice unexpected events; or at least would be unduly slow in responding to them. We might also expect that, in a job that requires a continuous series of responses to unpredictable signals, if noise was present during the work-spell, periods of perfectly efficient work would be dotted with curious, momentary mistakes.

## Conclusions from Experiments

Recent experiments, five or six of them performed in various laboratories in Britain and America, have shown these effects of noise. In loud, continuous noise, men are slow to notice unexpected signals, and in certain tasks requiring continuous response to a stream of stimuli they do make occasional mistakes more frequently in noise. If we take these findings together with the results of the numerous experiments that have shown no difference in human efficiency in noise and in quiet, we seem to be forced to

the conclusion that the effect of noise is to produce 'internal blinks', interruptions in the flow of information from senses to brain.

However, there is still the possibility that an undetected error has entered into some of the experimental results; either into those that show no effect of noise, or into the others. So the theory I have outlined needs more investigation: at least it should serve to remind us of the kinds of work that have shown effects of noise, and of those that have not.

What line is current research following? There are several now in progress that may prove interesting in the future. In this country Miss Woodhead of Cambridge has found that a task may show worse performance just after each of a series of loud bangs, even though the average performance over the whole period is unaffected. This kind of detailed analysis of work in noise has a big future. In America several researchers have found that judgements of time are badly affected by noise, and they are trying to find out more about this effect: it is not at all clear how one can extend the theory of 'internal blinks' to include it.

Another objection which might be raised about that theory is that some of those who complain most of noise are mental workers: they, presumably, do not need to take in much information from their surroundings, and may even close their eyes to concentrate. We must not place too much reliance on everyday observation, because it is easy to show by objective measurement of human behaviour that people are not completely accurate in their opinions about their own standards and methods of work: and several experimenters have given tests of mental arithmetic, intelligence tests, and so on, in noise, without revealing any effect. But the mental worker's dislike of noise is sufficiently widespread to be interesting scientifically. Besides, one recent experiment by Jerison carried out for the United States Air Force suggested that short-term memory might be affected.

## Irrelevant Stimuli

A good deal of modern research on short-term memory has supported the theory that things that are being kept in mind temporarily are passing again and again through some part of the brain which can be disturbed by irrelevant stimuli. The mechanism would be rather like the conscious process of repeating a telephone number over and over again between looking it up and dialling it: if you are prevented from saying the number you may forget it. So it seemed possible that the internal blinks, which noise is supposed by some people to cause, might interrupt this repetition process which served immediate memory.

An experiment was devised in which people were asked to do mental arithmetic, as in so many previous experiments. But in this case they did not have the problem in front of them all the time they were thinking out the solution: they were shown a six-figure number, told to memorise it, and only after it had been removed were they given a four-figure to be subtracted from it. This task, unlike earlier experiments using mental arithmetic, shows an effect of noise; and it seems likely that the great importance of immediate memory in it is responsible for its susceptibility. Perhaps this is why mental workers complain about noise.

But at this point I ought to make a serious qualification. Whenever I have said 'noise', I mean really loud sounds. No experiment has ever shown an effect of importance with noise less than ninety decibels above the faintest sound you can hear. That means that I am not talking about domestic radios, or even the jet aircraft passing over my house when I was thinking what I might say to you. The noises that have been shown to produce effects on human working efficiency are as loud, say, as a noisy tube train or a pneumatic drill quite close to you. I have not been considering the fantastic intensities that obtain in some



places near a jet engine intake and which may even cause you to lose your balance: but I have been talking about industrial levels of noise rather than domestic ones. The latter do not seem to show effects.

Some people may be disappointed by this, and particularly by the numerous negative experiments I have mentioned, which show that even industrial levels of noise do not affect many kinds of work. But I think this is due to mistaking the unpleasantness of a noise for harmfulness. Things we dislike are not always bad for us: if you loathe my taste in wallpaper or the noise of my gramophone, it does not mean that they have done some mys-

terious harm to your brain. Of course, I must not make you submit to noises you dislike just because I like them: but that topic is getting away from science.

The important thing is to state the case against noise fairly. In domestic levels it has never been shown to do any harm; and many kinds of work can be done as well in industrial levels of noise as they can in quiet. But when we hear people make exaggerated complaints about noise, we must not forget that it causes momentary lapses, perhaps due to 'internal blinks', in which an accident may occur. This effect is not dramatic, but it is real. In ten years' time we shall understand it better.—*Network Three*

## Is Joint Consultation Hanging Fire?

(continued from page 913)

drawbacks. It does not necessarily take place with genuine representatives of the employees, it seldom involves higher management, it is not clearly related to rights and procedures which are understood throughout the firm, and it does not take place in conditions suitable for discussing important subjects affecting more than small groups of employees.

The trade unions and the workers' leaders within the local factory have to make a fundamental decision about their relationships with management. They have to decide whether they are to be a permanent opposition in industry, taking no part in management decisions but concentrating on issues of collective bargaining, or whether they can consult with managements on matters of mutual interest and at the same time retain the trade unions' independence. Irrespective of the form of industrial ownership which may prevail, the second alternative is, in my opinion, the only one which will bring lasting benefits to employees, to industry, and to the whole community.

In the first place such co-operation is essential to increased industrial efficiency and productivity on which in the last resort the wages and conditions of employment of the workers and the welfare of the community depend. Secondly, it enables the unions to influence not only the character of managerial decisions but the attitudes of managers to their own jobs and those of their employees. This in turn can lead to changes in relationships which will enable managements and employees to identify and enlarge those areas of common interest and consent in industry. It should increase the satisfactions employees get from their work and free managements from the depressing and inhibiting sense of working with an indifferent or even hostile body of employees. If, on the other hand, the alternative of opposition is preferred, the unions and the local leaders in the factories will be admitting that they are neither able nor willing to give their members rights and responsibilities and an enhanced status in industry comparable with those they have gained in the political community.

I do not see any complete theoretical answer to the question how the unions and the men's leaders in the factories may know beforehand what their commitments will be in joint consultation or how they can completely avoid adverse criticism from their less informed members. But in practice these difficulties do not loom large, and the more effective the joint consultative committees become the less importance is attached to them. The committees, especially in their early phases, need the attention of the ablest leaders of the unions and of the local employees and systems of communication and consultation within the unions which are as effective as those demanded by the unions within the factories themselves.

It is necessary for successful joint consultation that, in arranging the electoral units, full account is taken of the existence of the primary working groups which grow up naturally in every factory. The structure should enable the natural leaders of these primary groups to be elected to the committees, for in this way the conflicts of loyalty to which I have referred will be reduced to a minimum. This point has been forgotten time and again, and yet it only requires careful thought and planning in the initial stages to avoid the more obvious pitfalls.

Effective joint consultation cannot be achieved simply by im-

posing a committee or system of committees on to an existing organisation and hoping for the best. It must be carefully integrated into the organisation of the firm or industry as a whole. Nor should it be assumed that those who participate in the work are expert at it or can become so in a short while. It requires training and experience and active measures to increase understanding. But if these conditions are fulfilled, joint consultation can do much to create and maintain those co-operative attitudes which are the foundation of successful industrial enterprise.

—*Third Programme*

*The B.B.C. Handbook* (1958) has now been published, price 5s. It contains a foreword by Sir Alexander Cadogan, the retiring Chairman, details of the work of the Corporation, lists of advisory councils and senior members of the staff, and many other facts. There is a bibliography of recent books on British broadcasting and an index.

## December Morning

It will not always be like this,  
The air windless, a few last  
Leaves adding their decoration  
To the trees' shoulders, braiding the cuffs  
Of the boughs with gold; a bird preening  
In the lawn's mirror. Having looked up  
From the hand's toil, pause a minute,  
Let the mind take its photograph  
Of the bright scene; something to wear  
Against the heart in the long cold.

R. S. THOMAS

## For a Future Occasion

You close your eyes against the dust  
That blows along the roads of earth,  
And cannot see my face that must  
Be unacknowledged when we meet.

The shadow of this world is thrown  
Between us, but the dark of death,  
A legendary hoax outgrown,  
Shall never cancel vision's truth.

Though we but mouth the weather's fate,  
This much I know and rest content:  
All for their bright beginnings wait  
As surely as they live their end:

And mine has recognised a friend.

I. R. ORTON



## Party Political Broadcast

# The Aims of British Foreign Policy

By the Rt. Hon. SELWYN LLOYD, C.B.E., Q.C., M.P., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

I WANT to begin by referring to two great men closely associated at a time of peril to this nation and to the free world—Sir Winston Churchill and President Eisenhower. Today\* is Sir Winston's eighty-third birthday. From very full hearts we send him our warm congratulations and affectionate greetings. I am sure that he would think that his most acceptable birthday present has been the good news about President Eisenhower's recovery. We pray that it may be rapid and complete.

I want to discuss with you some of the world problems which confront us, and to tell you of our hopes and intentions for the future. The objectives of our foreign policy are to maintain the security of Great Britain and of our overseas territories, to protect British interests, our trade, our lines of communication, and our position as a World Power with widespread responsibilities. We seek also to promote in as large an area of the world as possible the human freedoms in which we profoundly believe, of worship, of speech, of thought, and of association. In pursuing these objectives we work with the Commonwealth and our allies, and in accordance with the principles of the Charter of the United Nations. Of all the countries in the world we have the greatest interest in peace. But our outstanding problem is this: we have not yet achieved a way of coexisting in real peace with the Soviet Union. That is what we so much wish to do.

## A Turn for the Worse after the War

Immediately after the war, we had high hopes of continuing our war-time alliance and converting it into a lasting friendship: with that in mind the Western Powers evacuated large areas in Europe over which they had control; they disarmed in a big way. Unfortunately matters very soon took a turn for the worse. You all remember the blockade of Berlin, which resulted in the Berlin air-lift. You remember the rape of Czechoslovakia by the Soviet Union. In the face of Soviet expansionism, the West was driven to make the North Atlantic Treaty. Mr. Ernest Bevin, with the support of the Conservative Opposition, played a notable part in organising the collective defence of Western Europe by the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. When Communist forces invaded South Korea, the response of the West under the leadership of the United States was firm and successful. It led to Western rearmament.

After the death of Stalin, we again had hopes of better times; unfortunately, recent Soviet actions and declarations have created once again grave anxiety as to the real intentions of the Soviet Union. We have made no progress in our discussions on disarmament in the United Nations. There have been the provocative speeches of Mr. Khrushchev, now apparently the dominating personality in the Soviet Union. There has been the Soviet propaganda against independent countries, those of the Middle East, like Iraq and Iran, the Lebanon and Jordan; the Soviet attempt in the United Nations—rather a failure—to add to international tension by the campaign against Turkey. Another example has been the Soviet refusal to pay any contribution at all towards the cost of the United Nations emergency force, which has done a great deal to reduce tension on the borders of Israel. A small matter you may think, but indicative of the general approach.

In all this what has been lacking is proof by Soviet deeds that they mean what they say about peaceful coexistence. That is the problem. The question is, what are we to do about all this? What should be the foreign policy of Great Britain in these circumstances? To me the idea that we should just give in and accept the Soviet views on all these matters in dispute is repellent. Mr. Khrushchev said that Britain is a spent force. Others before him have made the same mistake of underrating us. We may be relatively weaker in terms of material resources—that is no reason

for despondency. In most of the great struggles of the past we have been weaker than those who sought to dominate us.

The England of Elizabeth I was weaker than Spain. Louis XIV had far greater physical power to bring against us than we possessed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Napoleon Bonaparte was far stronger than the Britain of the day. In our own lifetimes Hitler in 1940 commanded a great superiority over Britain, fighting almost alone; but we won through in each case owing to the character and willpower of our people and of the leaders of the day. The British people are not daunted by threats. We will not sacrifice the values and the rights in which we believe because they are menaced by greater strength or power.

There are those who say that the role of this country should be to lead a kind of Third Force, a neutral element between the Soviet Union and the United States of America. I utterly reject that view. In this ideological conflict between international Communism and our conception of a free society neutrality is unthinkable. In the conflict between Communist expansionism in the free world neutrality is again unthinkable. There are some who say that the United States is a greater danger to the peace of the world than the Soviet Union. Again I utterly reject that view. I refuse to start trimming about, pretending I see as much good in international Communism as in Western democracy.

But I am not pessimistic about the outcome of these conflicts. My own fundamental belief is that our system of society, our regard for the human values, will prevail, provided we ensure that basic security within which ordinary democratic processes can operate and within which men and women can have a free choice as to the kind of life they want to live. We shall survive, and gradually convince our opponents.

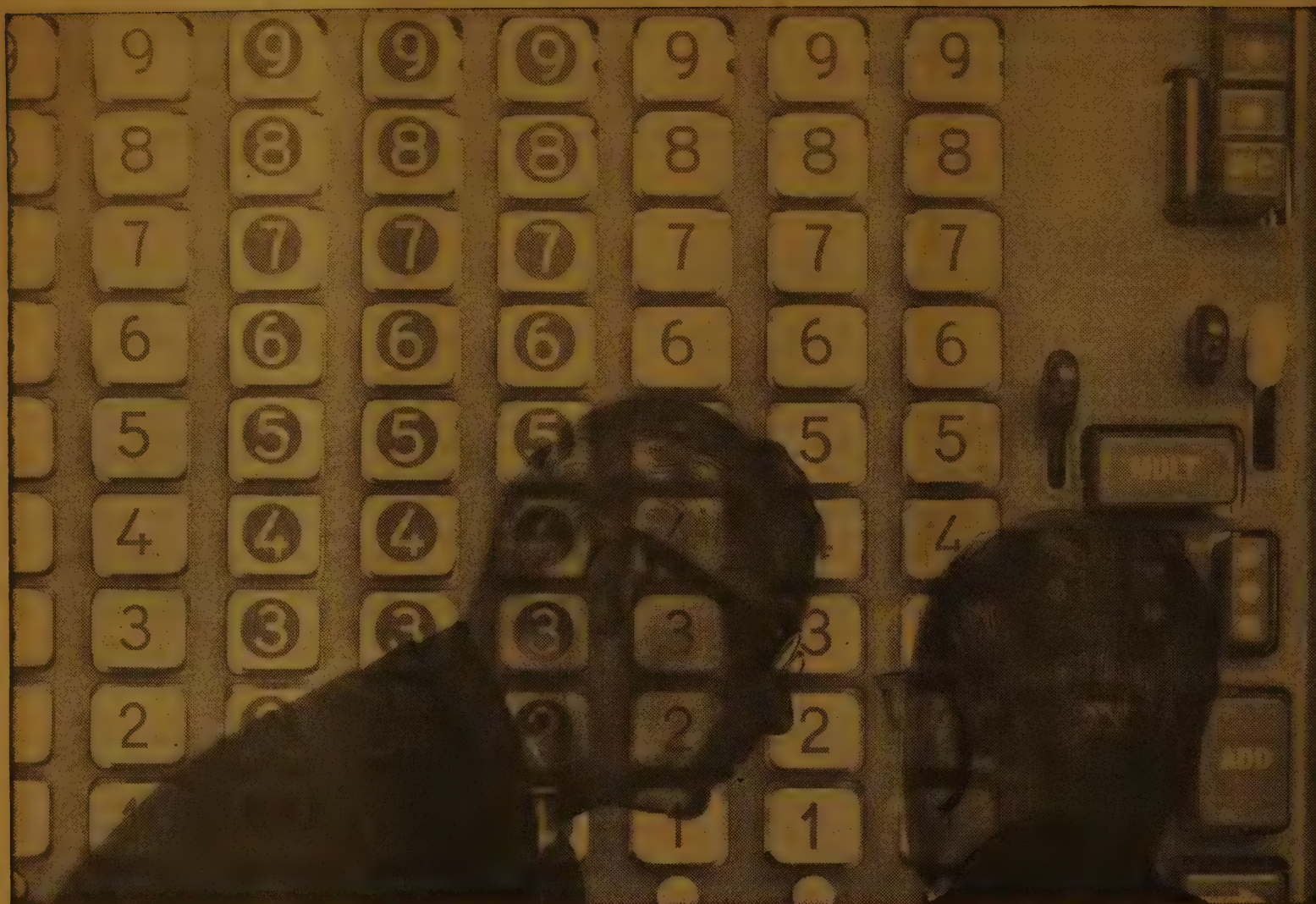
That does not say that in the meantime we shall cease to seek the settlements of individual problems with the Soviet Union. We have had long discussions with them about disarmament; we have put forward proposals endorsed by fifty-seven countries of the United Nations and by all the countries of Nato which if accepted would lead to the suspension of nuclear tests, ultimately to the end of manufacture of fissile material for weapons' purposes; they would mean limitation on the size of conventional forces; they would begin some control of conventional armaments; they would lead to inspection systems from the air and on the ground to prevent surprise attack. They would begin to get going the machinery of international control essential for more comprehensive schemes. On Germany we have put forward proposals for reunification. We had long talks about the Middle East with the Soviet leaders last year. We are anxious to increase trade and contacts with the Soviet people; we have no hatred for them.

## The Need to Stand Firm

What I cannot accept, however, is the idea that if we put forward some reasonable proposition and the Soviet Government say 'No', then we should at once seek out what position to abandon in an attempt to appease. The Soviet Union have turned down our disarmament proposals; they have refused even to continue discussion in the Disarmament Sub-Committee of the United Nations. I cannot agree that because of that we should at once search round to see what part of our plan we should discard. Our proposals with regard to Germany have as yet found no favourable response from the Soviet Government. But I see no reason why that fact should lead us to abandon a position which we regard as fair and right. Standing firm is much more likely to produce in time real peace.

It is constantly suggested that we should propose conferences to discuss these matters. I am ready to confer with anybody at any time on any topic when it appears at all likely that something useful would come out of such a conference. But, you know, this notion that Foreign Ministers have only to meet at a conference





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with public speeches, press hand-outs, a banquet or two, and some civil personal contacts, and all will be solved, that idea shows a complete misunderstanding of the realities of world affairs. If these problems were as simple as that, they would have been solved long ago through ordinary diplomatic channels.

There has been talk of a summit meeting. I certainly do not rule out such a meeting. We should remember, however, that a summit meeting which is a failure might do more harm to the peace and security of the world than no meeting at all. And we say that before a summit meeting takes place there must be a great deal of preparation for it; there must be a reasonable expectation that it will reduce the tensions rather than by its failure increase those tensions.

The week after next in Paris there is going to take place a highly important meeting of heads of Nato Governments concerned with how to preserve peace. We have not only to maintain our alliances, but to seek to bring to them a new dynamism. The Prime Minister and I returned not so very long ago from our discussions in Washington with President Eisenhower and Mr. Foster Dulles. Those discussions resulted in the Declaration of Common Purpose, and a statement on behalf of our two Governments that we believe in interdependence, in the need to pool our efforts, in the need correctly to deploy our resources in order to preserve our position and that of our allies.

That meeting was in a sense a reaction to the prevailing aggressive mood of the Soviet Union. But I also consider that it marks a new phase in the management of our affairs in the non-Communist alliances. And this is not just a military problem. There is another challenge to us in the present world situation which we are trying to meet. We, Great Britain, from our limited resources, are at present giving to underdeveloped countries economic assistance at the rate of £75,000,000 a year. In addition to that, net British private investments overseas are running at the

rate of some £160,000,000 a year. These figures are a remarkable indication of our faith, not only in ourselves, but also in the future of the countries of the free world affected. We are not adopting just a negative policy; we are striking out to the utmost of our capacity in the endeavour to build a higher standard of living, a better and more stable society in the poorer and less-developed countries. Such a policy is the essential complement of defensive strength and collective security; without a constructive effort of this sort to develop these countries military strength will not bring security. But without some military security all efforts at development in freedom will be futile.

I know how so many of you feel about all this. What chance is there of us getting out of the circle of contracting pressures? How can we break out into a more peaceful atmosphere? I feel very much that way myself. My answer is this: we will not get out by some flashy new proposal, some diplomatic conjuring trick. Those who lead you to think that are deceiving you and themselves. What we have to do is to pursue steadily and firmly our present path. We want peace; we have no aggressive intentions. We are ready whenever it seems useful to meet and to discuss. We intend to maintain our defences and our defensive arrangements with our allies.

You may not think that there has been much party politics about this broadcast. I do not apologise for that fact, but that is how I—and I am sure most of you—will wish it to be in the sphere of foreign policy. Of course there are plenty of difficulties. I have tried to speak to you tonight of the spirit in which we should meet them. We must be loyal to our friends, determined in the face of those opposed to us, not provocative or uncompromising, but resolute. If we, who carry these great responsibilities, act accordingly, I do not fear the outcome. We shall win peace and security. And our greatest help along that difficult path will be the steadfastness of the British people.

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Russia, the Atom, and the West

Sir, In his third Reith Lecture (printed in THE LISTENER of November 28), Professor George F. Kennan postulates that most of those who say 'you can't trust the Germans' are biased by the unhappy experience of the past. He appeals for 'reasonable confidence'. Certainly, but there must be reasonable grounds for confidence. Frederick the Great, Bismarck, von Seeckt, Gustav Stresemann and von Ribbentrop all feigned friendship with the West while secretly negotiating with Moscow. As disclosed at Nuremberg, the Nazis broke at least sixty-nine treaties to which Germany had subscribed between 1933 and 1941.

But what of the present? Bonn has induced the United States Government to promote measures for the return of assets (worth some \$500,000,000), which were confiscated during the war and retained in lieu of reparation, in accordance with the Paris Reparation Agreement (1946), and the Bonn Convention (1952) in which Federal Germany acknowledged the validity of the Allied action and promised to compensate its own nationals accordingly. Then, in many respects, Federal Germany has failed to implement its Bonn Convention pledges to victims of Nazi persecution. Large groups are excluded from compensation under existing legislation. Numerous other victims have experienced much procrastination, arbitrary interpretation of the law, and difficulties placed in their way of preferring claims. Western (and indeed Eastern) confidence in a radically altered German attitude towards the sanctity of treaties would be immeasurably strengthened by a liberal interpretation of the Indemnification Law; an expeditious application; and the provision for refugee survivors of concentration camps, who were persecuted for reasons of nationality, compensation not less than that they were pledged to receive.

Yours, etc.,

Devizes

L. M. HOPKINS

Sir,—I hope it is not too soon to begin commenting upon Professor Kennan's Reith Lectures? After delivering two of them he has already considerably bewildered some of us!

First, he told us not to worry too much, because Russian economic progress need not interfere with us of the West and her influence in neutral areas may even be beneficial: she has so much to offer to the world. But in his second lecture we were reminded of the unremitting hostility of her leaders and of the dangers of their badly distorted image of the world. He spoke in alarm of the effects of their propaganda and of their conscious and unconscious exploitations of falsehood in their foreign policy.

Perhaps he is going to tell us how we can separate our confident acquiescence in Russian economic strength and our welcome to her participation in guiding backward peoples from our alarm at the propaganda and hostility of her rulers. It looks a formidable undertaking. And so far his recipe for handling prefers direct diplomatic dealing to United Nations procedures, one aim being to expose propaganda 'so that no direct distortion should ever go unanswered'. Historically, direct dealing has signally failed to disperse obscurity of vision between Great Powers. And can any of us expect to get very far with our direct dealing with Russia if we are guided by the emotions aroused by the second Reith Lecture? Or was Mr. Kennan unconsciously describing not just Russian but bilateral (and therefore merely human) prejudice when he spoke of that 'forty years of blindness and hostility' that lie between us and Russia?

For us to be the more sure that unconscious propaganda never masquerades as true history Mr. Kennan owes it to us (and Russia) to particularise the Kremlin's record of falsity in foreign dealings. For legal historians give Russia a good name in the respect which both her rulers and her people accord to law—including international law as far as international organisation has so far per-





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mitted that law to develop. We should be told just what treaties Russia has broken and how her record compares with that of other Powers. A useful comparison might also be made between her handling of political satellites and our own. Has Mr. Kennan really taken prejudice and *amour propre* into consideration when he favours direct international handling of such ticklish matters as these to their handling by the world community through the United Nations? We ourselves much preferred the United Nations to Mr. Khrushchev over Suez!

While welcoming the atmosphere of *détente* in Mr. Kennan's first lecture, and while looking to his keen separation of entities as his theme develops, I would urge as a fundamental principle of social psychology that the broader the basis and the more automatic the check, the less the head-on collision of prejudices. Mr. Kennan is inspired when he believes that it is against prejudice that we chiefly fight.

Yours, etc.,

Shrewsbury

RANYARD WEST

### What Price the Sterling Area?

Sir,—In his criticism of my talk on this subject (printed in THE LISTENER of November 21), Mr. John Wood misinterpreted my guesses of the foreign currency earnings of the City of London. I suggested that London's international banking services do not bring in more than £20,000,000 or £30,000,000 a year, including the earnings that accrue indirectly, and would be lost if we withdrew from the business of international banking. My guess made no attempt to include more than a very small proportion of our insurance earnings—our overseas accident and fire insurance business would continue unchanged if sterling were no longer an international currency. Nor does my guess include any appreciable element for the earnings of the Baltic Exchange from arranging shipping and air charters. I also believe that the greater part of the City's merchanting business would continue if we withdrew from international banking—although I would be inclined in present circumstances to withdraw the rights of British merchants to buy for dollars and sell for other currencies, thus providing facilities of 'commodity convertibility'.

Although I would disagree with some of Mr. Wood's detailed estimates, I agree with his broad guess that the City as a whole earns about £100,000,000 per year. But his detailed estimates suggest that he agrees with me that banking does not bring in more than quite a small proportion of this total. Most of the City's earnings would still continue to flow in as before, even if sterling were no longer maintained as an international currency.

Mr. Wood also questioned my views on overseas investment. My suggestions would allow us to increase our investment in the poor underdeveloped countries, while reducing our total overseas investment. The point of overseas investment is that it brings in profits to the lender and it raises the total income of the whole world. But it does not by any means follow that free permission to residents to invest overseas is in the interests of individual countries.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

ALAN C. L. DAY

### The Rediscovery of Eastern Christendom

Sir,—I have listened to the Rev. Peter Hammond's second talk on the Eastern Church. I came away with the idea that he has given a highly idealised picture of this Church. As an English chaplain on the Continent I often came into contact with priests of that Church and I was friendly with many of them. I also, on a visit to Constantinople, called on the Oecumenical Patriarch and at the suggestion of my bishop when I was in Australia I lent my Church for their services at Easter and I have attended many Orthodox churches. But my impression of the Church in action is totally different from that of Mr. Hammond.

I remember well an English lady who lived in Rumania telling me that she had lived four years in a village in that country and had never heard a sermon from the village priest though she attended his church regularly. He was a peasant who spent all his time in cultivating his land and only knew enough to say his Office. Mr. Hammond agrees that this is true of many country clergy but he suggests that a doctor or a lawyer would come to the village and give the sermon, but in the four years my friend was there no such help arrived.

I have not made a study of the Greek Liturgy and as to how

large a part lay people may take in it, but I must have been unfortunate. I have never seen them taking any part. I remember quite well a Sunday morning service at Durrës in Albania. The priest and the deacon chanted alternately a long service in Greek and there was a handful of poor women and children there and I often wondered how much they were edified by it.

The priest, or the Pope as they call him, with his long hair, his big turban and robes, is surely far more cut off from the laity than the modern English parson whose only distinguishing mark is often a collar and not always that.

I think it was Dean Inge who said that union between the English Church and the Greek Orthodox was like the marriage of a living person to a corpse. I would not go as far as that. But surely if it had not been for the Western Church, the Mohammedans would have overrun Europe on two occasions. Once when they were turned back by Charles Martel at Tours and once when they were defeated by John Sobiencki of Poland at the walls of Vienna. To come to more recent times, had the Orthodox Church been a live Church would the Russian Revolution have ever taken place?—but with creatures like Rasputin anything might happen. Their theology may be orthodox but their practice is not something that we want to imitate, especially as we see it in action in Cyprus.—Yours, etc.,

Newton Ferrers

C. H. D. GRIMES

### Down to the Sea in Somerset

Sir,—I would certainly agree with Mr. H. J. Godwin that the same conditions operated in preventing villages being built across the mouth of the North Marsh as for a road. Maybe, also, there were other reasons why a coast road was not made between Clevedon and Portishead. This extension of the line, however, was made much later, is not typical of the W.C. and P.L.R., and had, I believe, a short life. I would join issue with Mr. Godwin, however, in his suggestion that the Gordano valley road can in a way be compared with a possible coastal road. It runs along an inland valley and is protected from the sea by a high ridge to which it is anchored for most of its course.

Yours, etc.,

Wells

R. D. REID

### 'The English Cathedral'

Sir,—I am glad that the Managing Director of Phoenix House, Ltd., publishers with high printing and production standards, has raised the question of books which are 'rather heavy to hold', because this is an aspect of book production which has more effect on readers' pleasure than perhaps some publishers realise. I have in my hand at the moment a book on Georgian architecture, the pages of which are a quarter of an inch shorter and exactly a hundred fewer than those of *The English Cathedral through the Centuries*: but the comparative weights are seventeen ounces and thirty-one-and-a-half ounces.

If this paper, which certainly 'has substance without being heavy', had been used, and allowing for the fact that the Cathedral's book has a somewhat higher proportion of plate-pages, I calculate that its total weight would have been about twenty-five ounces. This represents a lightening for which many readers would be decidedly grateful. Other publishers, please note!—Yours, etc.,

YOUR REVIEWER

### What Is a Dictionary?

Sir,—In reference to the letter from Professor J. Isaacs in THE LISTENER of November 28 I would like to point out that *Chambers's Twentieth-Century Dictionary* (Mid-Century Version) gives the following:

Virement: authorised transference of a surplus to balance a deficit under another head. (French.) Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.6

A. J. MASON

Sir,—The word 'virement', mentioned in a letter from Dr. S. C. Dyke of Wolverhampton (THE LISTENER, November 21), is included in the revised addenda (1952) to the fourth edition of *The Concise Oxford Dictionary* and in the revised addenda (1955) to the third edition of *The Shorter Oxford Dictionary*.

As he suggests, its origin is N.Fr., and 1902 is given as the date of its first appearance in English usage.—Yours, etc.,

Portadown

W. G. ENGLAND



# NEWS DIARY

November 27–December 3

## Wednesday, November 27

President Eisenhower receives the King of Morocco at the White House

Foreign Secretary answers questions in Commons about American aircraft, based in Britain, flying on patrol with hydrogen bombs

French Foreign Minister opens debate on Algeria in United Nations Political Committee

Colonial Secretary explains why talks with the delegation from British Honduras are broken off

## Thursday, November 28

President Eisenhower attends Thanksgiving Service

Guatemalan Minister in London visits Foreign Office to discuss his meetings with delegates from British Honduras

Crown Estate Commissioners state that they do not plan at present to demolish any of the Nash terraces in Regent's Park

## Friday, November 29

French Prime Minister receives vote of confidence after debate on Algeria in the National Assembly

The Russians claim to have built the most powerful radio telescope in the world

## Saturday, November 30

The Arctic survey ship *Shackleton* is damaged by striking an ice floe

Dr. Adenauer postpones visit to London because of influenza

The Labour Party wins General Election in New Zealand by a narrow majority

## Sunday, December 1

Mr. Hammarskjöld begins talks in Jordan on the work of the United Nations Truce Organisation

Indonesian Cabinet meets in special session after an attempt to assassinate President Sockarno

President Eisenhower spends weekend convalescing at his farm in Gettysburg

## Monday, December 2

Tribunal inquiring into alleged 'leak' about increase in Bank Rate opens in Church Hall, Westminster

Bush fires devastate two towns in New South Wales

U.N. Security Council authorises new attempt to settle dispute over Kashmir

## Tuesday, December 3

French Government announces new economy measures

Debate on second reading of Life Peerages Bill opens in House of Lords

Sir Hugh Foot, the new Governor, arrives in Cyprus



A photograph, taken at Chartwell, Sir Winston Churchill's home in Kent, on his eighty-third birthday last Saturday. On Sir Winston's right are Lady Churchill, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, and his son Mr. Randolph Churchill; on his left is his grandson, Winston



Fido, a fifteen-year-old dog formerly owned by an Italian factory worker, attending the studio of Signor Cipolla at Borgo San Lorenzo for a 'sitting' for the statue of him that is to be erected in the town square. Fido's master was killed in an air raid during the war but the dog has waited for him daily at the bus stop in the square ever since. Recently Fido was awarded a gold medal for loyalty at a ceremony in the town

Right: the flag which will be unfurled on the top of the new B.B.C. television mast at Crystal Palace at the opening of the permanent transmitter later this month



Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld during an audience. On the left is Mr. S. I. ...



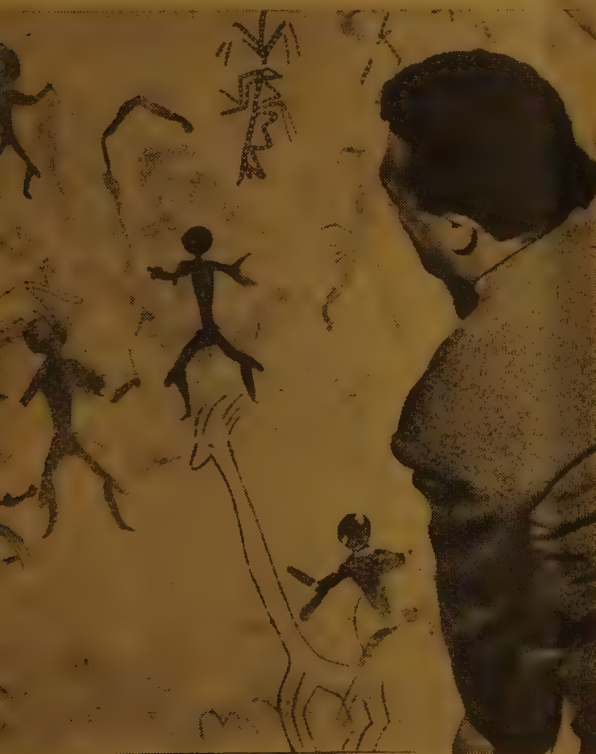
Signor Beniamino Gigli, the great Italian operatic tenor, who died on November 30, aged sixty-seven. The son of a shoemaker, he made his operatic debut in 1914 and afterwards sang in all the principal opera houses in Italy. In 1920 he went to the United States and later succeeded Caruso as principal tenor of the New York Metropolitan Opera House. He was last heard in London two years ago







...tre), Secretary-General of the United Nations, photographed Hussein of Jordan (right) in Amman on December 1. On the Foreign Minister, with whom Mr. Hammarhjöld later had work of the United Nations Truce Organisation



Reproductions on view at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris, of prehistoric cave paintings discovered in the Tassili-n-Ajjer range in the Sahara by M. Henri Lhote, the French ethnologist



A general view of the newly restored interior of the Senate House, Cambridge, which was opened on December 1. The hall was built in the Palladian style by James Gibbs in 1730; the work of restoration and redecoration has been carried out by local craftsmen under the direction of Sir Albert Richardson



Mr. Leslie Henson, the actor and theatrical manager, who died on December 2, aged sixty-six. For forty years he played leading parts in musical comedies, revues, and farces in the West End. Among the successful shows in which he appeared were 'Funny Face', 'Skin Deep', 'Harvey', and 'And So To Bed'. After the first world war he went into theatrical management with the late Tom Walls; the first of their many joint ventures was 'Tons of Money' (with Ralph Lynn, Tom Walls, and Robertson Hare appearing together for the first time), which ran for over 700 performances



Mr. William McMillan, the sculptor, with his almost completed statue of Sir Walter Raleigh which is to be erected in London next year. It has been commissioned by the 'Friends of the English-speaking Union' in connection with this year's 350th anniversary celebrations at Jamestown, Virginia

Left: a diamond brooch which has been given to Princess Margaret by Dr J. T. Williamson to commemorate the visit last year by Her Royal Highness to his diamond mine in Tanganyika



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## Christmas Books

## Victorian 'Angst'

The Correspondence of Arthur Hugh Clough. Edited by Frederick Mulhauser. Oxford. 2 vols. £5. 5s.

Reviewed by ROSE MACAULAY

THESE handsomely produced volumes are yet another monument to the epistolary powers of that tense and eloquent generation which flourished at Oxford in the mid-nineteenth century. Not all these letters are new; a good many were published soon after Clough's death; many are still left unpublished, for reasons of space, and some here might have been omitted, for reasons of insignificance. All those from Matthew Arnold, published in 1932 by Dr. Lowry, are on that account left out of this collection, which is perhaps a pity, as they have style and wit above most others. Still, this is a massive collection, full of interest, and makes an excellent period piece. It should form the base of a full and analytic biography.

Clough, affectionate and rich in friends, tended to write letters rather factual than revealing. Regarded by many of his contemporaries as one of the most promising and brilliant men of his time at Oxford, he comes down to us as not quite that. We approach him with a great deal of liking, and of admiration for his intellectual and moral integrity, but without excitement. Was he a poet? Certainly not in the Arnold class, as Arnold himself felt and even told him (or words to that effect). He was a highly intelligent versifier; he wrote with wit, grace, ingenuity and intellectual power; his verse never takes wing or catches fire. Was he a prig? In a quite pleasant sense, certainly; they all were. And particularly Rugbeians. Clough's own letters from Rugby to his younger brother at another school, beset by temptations, have to be read to be believed. He grew out of the religious exhortations; but the high moral strain, the intense concern with right and wrong, the care for other people's good, were rooted in his character, in Dr. Arnold's training, and in the age itself. 'Thrown into the midst of the discord and striving, the dust and din, of our nineteenth-century world', wrote W. H. Hudson, 'Clough refuses to ignore or turn aside from the conditions by which he finds himself everywhere beset'. The conditions which beset him when he came up to Oxford in 1838 included a great ado about religion. 'Dust and din' are a good description of the perpetual wrangling, which proved disastrous both to Clough's work and to his faith. 'Newmania' raged, tractarians, liberals and protestants were at each other's throats, Doubt raised its ugly head; in the background, menacing both ordinands and matriculators, the Thirty-nine Articles gibbered like mouthing ghosts. Newman, in Tract 90, declared that a Roman Catholic could sign any of them, except that on the Bishop of Rome.

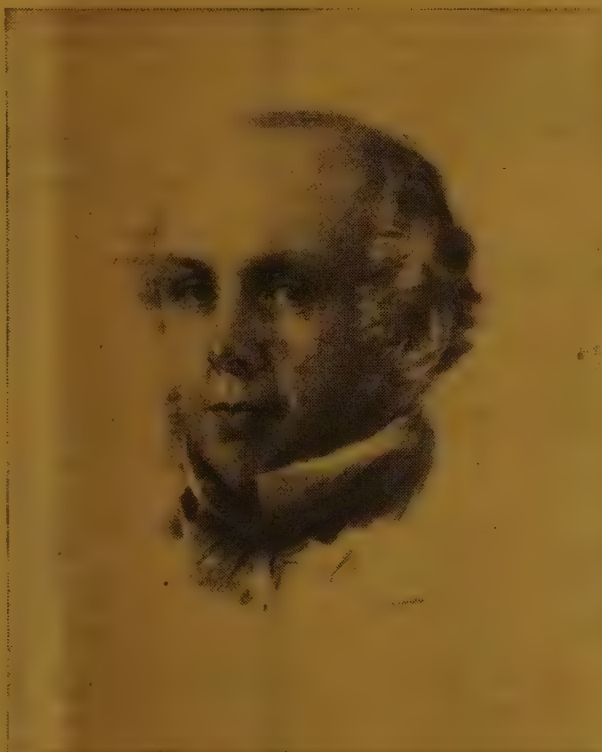
'You have no idea how fast things are going Rome-wards', Clough wrote. It distracted him from his work; particularly he suffered from the assaults of his mathematics tutor, W. G. Ward, that ardent, dogmatic and noisy Newmanite who could not let it alone. Clough was for a short time influenced; then his natural intellect and integrity reacted against it; but it cost him his first class, and ultimately his religion. He managed to

swallow the Articles, and became Fellow and lecturer of Oriel; but they troubled his digestion, and after six years he threw up both them and his job and went into the wilderness, taking with him the difficult residuum of lost faith—moral struggle, uncomfortable goodness. This was in 1848; he was to live for another thirteen years. He lectured in London, went to America and the continent, saw much of his friends, got married, and wrote and published a good deal of verse; the satirical and narrative poems are excellent, the serious and religious, unimpeachable in feeling and thought, are pedestrian in expression.

The letters cover all his short career (he died at forty-two). Written by him and to him, they are alive with his friends, relations and acquaintances, and with the events of the moment. Stanley, the Arnolds, Froude, Carlyle, Newman, Emerson, Tennyson—an impressive Victorian cast treads the boards; few of us can fail to meet our grandparents or great-uncles among them, for Clough, it seems, knew them all. Fragments of news are dropped. Clough has been reading *Sybil*—'not without merit, I suppose, but the story is flowery'. Miss Martineau is writing on the Game Laws. 'Whately declares he has proof of Blanco White's being mad, which I do not believe; one seldom need believe that swearing old archbishop'. 'Mr. fabricator Faber men say will go, but the Ultra Puseyites in general seem inclined not to take headers à la Ward, but to sneak in and duck their heads till they are out of their depth'. The *Daily News* starts on January 21 (1846), its literary department under the direction of

Charles Dickens. Tom Arnold is going to be mesmerised for stammerment. The new railway projects induce a spirit of speculation, clergymen in especial are carried away by it, and are taking to gaming. It is difficult at Oxford even to obtain assent to Milton's greatness as a poet, owing to his divorce views. The theory that the human race is of the monkey kind has been revived in a work ascribed to Lady Lovelace (Ada, sole daughter).

And so on. Such period contemporanea entertain. So do the continual discussions and arguments. One day there will be a full life of this attractive man, and these volumes will companion it. But the letters need an alphabetical index: they are hard to find.



Arthur Hugh Clough 1819-1861, by Samuel Worcester Rowse (c. 1860)

National Portrait Gallery

Among recent art books the following may be noted: *The Picture History of Painting: From Cave Painting to Modern Times*, by H. W. Janson and Dora Jane Janson (Thames and Hudson, £3 13s. 6d. up to December 31, 1957, £4 4s. thereafter), containing over 500 illustrations, 103 in full colour; *Master Drawings: From the Collection of the Budapest Museum of Fine Arts, 14th to 18th Centuries*; introduction and notes by Lajos Vayer (Thames and Hudson, £8 8s.); *Hieronymus Bosch*, by Jacques Combe (Zwemmer, for Pierre Tisné, £5 5s.), containing 140 illustrations, many of them in colour; *Rembrandt*, a biographical and critical study by Otto Benesch, translated by James Emmons (Zwemmer, for Skira, £2 10s.).





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**The Year of the Comet.** By Osbert Lancaster.

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**Dubout Cartoons.** Neville Spearman. 15s.

IT IS INTERESTING to see how wishful thinking sometimes flavours a cartoonist's concoctions. He has the power, and it is his function, to expose absurdity; and satire, whether ferocious or kindly, easily gives way to the mad logic of impossible situations, or to embodied fantasies of wealth, power, and freedom. Certain hackneyed images, like the magic carpet or the desert island, recur obsessively. In this country today we are lucky to have two social satirists as gifted and original and unhackneyed as Giles (whose annual garnering is not out early enough for compliments here) and Osbert Lancaster.

Mr. Lancaster is as topical as the stop-press, but keeps better. Suez dominates his little album this time, and by manipulating his key-figures, Lord and Lady Littlehampton, he has recorded something of the bewildered disillusionment and exasperation of traditionalists in a changing world, their nitwittedness streaked with shrewdness, hardness, and even stoicism. Maudie Littlehampton and her husband excite a twinge of something like sympathy, whether hauled dripping from their baths by mad-dening telephone-calls, or driven to open their castle and play the fool for money. Mr. Lancaster has made her a more sympathetic and seemingly a more living person than certain politicians, but we can hardly expect her to age gracefully, unless a plastic surgeon attends to her headlamp eyes, anteater's snout, and boiling-fowl's neck. For contrast, Mr. Lancaster has included here the memorable cartoon he published last Christmas Eve, of the dark-skinned King prevented from visiting the new-born Saviour by the barbed wire of *apartheid*.

Mr. Brockbank, the art editor of *Punch*, shows a preference for drawing cars and aircraft. The blurb credibly commends his accuracy and reports him infatuated with fast driving, the smell of petrol, and the noise of engines. Fellow-addicts will respond readily to his pictorial attacks on the back-seat driver, the careless driver, and the peculiarities of driving on the other side of the Channel. His efforts to wring humour from guided missiles and Harley Street are depressive, but nothing could be happier than his bull in a peculiarly vulnerable china shop that trotted all round and broke nothing. Like other cartoonists he has touched upon the tendency of modern sculpture to have holes in it.

This easy game is as irresistible to Anatol Kovarsky of *The New Yorker* as abstract painting and mobiles. Unlike Mr. Brockbank he celebrates women rather than machines. A prevalent bosom-consciousness sounds a continuous high-pitched note of sexual fantasy, particularly in a series of drawings called 'The Arab World'. The clichés are here again—magic carpet, harem, veiled woman—sometimes amusingly varied, and suggestive of unconscious cravings for polygamy and space-travel. And the desert island too: perhaps it has a special appeal for much-jostled metropolitan man. At its best, Mr. Kovarsky's humour is charming. He shows us, for instance, two centaurs sheltering from a storm and complaining that 'It's not a fit night out for man or beast'; and the impatience of the fauna in the Ark over the late arrival of a pair of tortoises. His cinematic set-pieces call for special mention—the Roman orgy exuberant with bubble-breasted belles, or the entire audience stampeding in panic from the 'all-time greatest' horror film, 'Ghoul of Zanzibar'.

Charles Addams, whose name is a haunted household word, still wears the old ghoul tie. He too is not innocent of clichés—desert island monastic life, cannibal stew-pot. But this last has never been given a pleasanter twist than in his drawing of the savage returning home and saying to his wife, 'Mmmmm—smells good, dear. Who is it?' Two instances of men pushing or attempting to push their wives over cliffs have all the glamour of wishfulness, and

there is a perfect moment when a megalomaniac patient calls at the psychiatrist's. This scene almost makes the Addams husbands who change into bats at night seem homely and familiar.

'France's greatest contemporary cartoonist', say the publishers of Monsieur Dubout. How sad if this is true. He relies too much upon a pointless proliferation of detail and upon two stock figures of would-be fun—an ugly little runt of a man with a red nose and flat feet, and a coarse, bloated, and irate matron. In fact he appears as a sort of *gamin* among cartoonists, perhaps intending to satirise degenerate types of the small bourgeoisie, and quite wanting in finesse. It must be admitted that his crowd scenes are grotesquely suggestive, and it is significant that he is said to have a taste for solitude and the society of cats.

WILLIAM PLOMER

# Poems Old and New

**English Love Poems.** Edited by John Betjeman and Geoffrey Taylor. Faber. 15s.

**New Poems 1957.** A P.E.N. Anthology edited by C. Day Lewis, Kathleen Nott and Thomas Blackburn. Michael Joseph. 15s.

**From the Greek Anthology. Poems in English Paraphrase** By Dudley Fitts. Faber. 12s. 6d.

THE ANTHOLOGY SEASON is coming round again with the Christmas shopping, and the reviewer, like the anthologist himself, must perforce take as his motto 'many are called but few are chosen'. *English Love Poems*, with its charming jacket and elegant get-up, would be an impeccable gift for literary top people. 'We have not included in our definition of love poetry', say the editors, 'poems expressing the love of man for God, nor have we included impassioned expressions of the lusts of the flesh'. No irony is intended, and top people will suspect none. Although Burns is excluded because Celtic poems are not English, and the author of 'Look, We have come through!' (a married man) rates one poem, *i.e.* one less than Mr. Betjeman himself, nevertheless a few pieces, particularly from the moderns, have slipped through the anti-phrodisiac net. But on the whole it is an orthodox collection, and the few eccentricities (Arthur Symons, Victor Plarr, Wilfrid Blunt and Michael Field) do not seem to have a great deal of point. But it really doesn't matter much one way or the other.

*New Poems 1957* would do for prog people. The standard of these annual gleanings has become, and here remains, high. There is hardly anything which would not give pleasure on a first reading and repay a second. Some of the contributions have already appeared in separate books of their respective authors, but this is no bad thing: it helps the reader to find his way around, never too easy with so many names. Among the poems which seem initially the most striking are one of Robert Graves at his wittiest and most sensual, and two of R. S. Thomas at his leanest and harshest. The book also has a sensible, non-hare-starting introduction.

From the creditable harvest of a single year to the immortal harvest of two thousand. Mr. Dudley Fitts, already known to us as a witty, original translator of Aristophanes into the purest American, now offers a selection of one hundred and forty-one short poems translated from the most famous of all western anthologies, the one known as the Greek Anthology. 'In general', he writes, 'my purpose has been to compose, first of all, and as simply as possible, an English poem'. Under this cover he suggests the most dangerous of modern parallels with infinite, bland skill, so that we all but swallow them whole. Occasionally there are jarring phrases like 'holy matrimony', and on the whole these occur more often in the humorous than in the lyrical epigrams. 'You sent me packing', 'it was this way', will in any case strike differently on English and American ears. But to achieve timelessness without losing vitality is the perennial problem of the classical translator, and its insolubility the reason why each generation must make its versions afresh; and on the whole this book is a most graceful contribution to a very good and important cause.

K. W. GRANDSEN



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# The Mind of Blake

## Symbol and Image in William Blake

By George Wingfield Digby. Oxford. 35s.

The Complete Writings of William Blake with all the Variant Readings. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes.

Nonesuch Press. 63s.

READERS OF BLAKE usually find themselves drawn to him as a poet because they have been moved by the *Songs of Innocence and of Experience*, and they go on to look for the man within the poet by reading his symbolic books. When they find that the symbolic books do not have the lucid and direct passion of the lyric poems, indeed are not equal to them as poetry, they often lose interest in Blake's thought. Yet Blake put into his symbolism all the power and the extravagance of his rich mind, and readers do not get the full sense even of his lyrics if they do not see the symbolic imagination that plays like sheet lightning behind them.

Blake's imagination has often been called visionary, but what characterises it more exactly is that it was visual. Mr. Digby has accordingly proposed to the reader a new way into Blake's mind, by way of the pictured images with which he usually surrounded his written words. Mr. Digby presents the recurring figures and actions that move through Blake's symbolic books in pictures rather than in words, and these pictures turn out to be easier to recognise, to link and to compare, than any number of words. The result is a brilliant exposition of Blake's symbolism, which most readers will find more understandable than anything that has been published before.

Mr. Digby follows in his pictures the sequence which others follow in their reading. That is, he begins from a small work of lyric images, *The Gates of Paradise*, which is complete and satisfying in itself. He goes on to trace the development of these images in the larger symbolic books naturally and without losing the common forms in the detail. In this way, Blake's mind is shown as a unity, in which simple image and elaborate symbol, picture and word, all express the same imagination.

Having said so much of the merits of this book, I must be frank and say also in what way it seems to me to fall short. Mr. Digby's preoccupation is with Blake's imagination and his mind—often his unconscious mind. He is impatient with those scholars who find in Blake's writings and pictures the echoes of his wide reading and the marks of the great social and political revolutions through which he lived. To 'reduce' his work in this way, writes Mr. Digby, is 'to degrade Blake'. Therefore he makes no attempt to link the pictures by Blake which he illustrates with those of other artists, or their content either with other writers or with the events through which Blake lived. The only authority on which Mr. Digby leans is the brittle psychology of Jung.

Blake had a highly original mind. But such a mind is not 'degraded' by being seen in the context of what it learnt and what it experienced, and what it did with that. Mr. Digby analyses a picture which Blake painted in 1821, near the end of his life, which was discovered at Arlington Court in 1949. This picture has also been discussed by Miss Kathleen Raine, who has shown that it is based on a theme from *The Cave of the Nymphs* of Porphyry. Mr. Digby takes no interest in such scholarly connections, but surely they deepen our understanding of Blake. For Porphyry was a traditional Platonist, who simply regretted that the soul must take on an earthly body. Blake pushes this theme one characteristic step further, so that it becomes a triumphant avowal of the flesh when it is truly one with its soul. Blake thereby turns Porphyry from an empty innocence into his own masterful thought, the fulfilment of innocence in experience.

Mr. Digby seems to me equally to handicap himself by making no reference to the times in which Blake lived. Take, for example, picture 9 of *The Gates of Paradise*, under which Blake wrote 'I want! I want!'. This picture shows a man beginning to climb a ladder which reaches to the crescent moon. Mr. Digby does not say that, as Professor David Erdman has shown, this picture is based on a political cartoon which James Gillray had published in January, 1793, at most four months before Blake engraved *The Gates of Paradise*. In Gillray's cartoon, the man trying to

climb to the moon is a foolish lover of liberty and supporter of the French Revolution, and he is doomed to fail because the ladder is too short. It is characteristic of Blake that he took fire at this sneer by the turncoat Gillray, made the ladder reach the moon (and made it a waxing, not waning, moon)—and made the picture a worldly as well as a spiritual assertion of faith.

Blake lived through the American and French Revolutions, through the disasters of war and the rise of industry, through Peterloo and the Six Acts. We do not see the man, we do not truly share his experience, if we do not feel the sense of these events even in his struggles of the spirit. It is the merit of the beautiful editions of Blake's writings which Sir Geoffrey Keynes has edited at various times that they give us the whole man, by including his letters and the marginal notes he made in books. The Nonesuch Press has now printed in one volume all that Blake wrote, with all the changes and variant readings which his manuscripts show. Mr. Digby's exposition of the symbolism, and Sir Geoffrey Keynes' edition of the full, human Blake, are admirable complements of one another, to mark the bicentenary of the birth of that vivid man.

J. BRONOWSKI

# The Namier School

George III and the Historians. By Herbert Butterfield. Collins. 21s.

Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III. By Sir Lewis Namier. Second edition. Macmillan. 50s.

THE FIRST PART of *George III and the Historians* is concerned with the historiography of the legend of a plot by George III to subvert the constitution and establish absolute government, from which we were saved by the revolt of the American colonies. This legend was exploded by Sir Lewis Namier's *Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III*, first published in 1929 and now re-issued in a revised and enlarged edition, which showed that George III's system of government differed little, if at all, from George II's.

The second part of Professor Butterfield's book is devoted to an attack on the works of Sir Lewis Namier and certain other historians who are labelled collectively 'The Namier school'. In some respects the lines of the attack recall the Darwinian controversy; all the old gambits are played: first, the new ideas are untrue; second, they have been anticipated; third, they are degrading, because they ignore 'those higher considerations . . . which help to turn the study of history into a political education'. The Namier school are also accused of being 'the most powerfully organised squadron in our historical world at the present time, the disciples relaying the ideas of the master with closer fidelity than I remember to have been the case in any other branch of historical study since it became a serious form of scholarship'.

On the alleged existence of an 'organised squadron' the only evidence adduced by Professor Butterfield is contained in the following passage:

'One of the more recent works of the Namier school is the volume by Mr. John Brooke on *The Chatham Administration, 1766-1768*. It is part of the series which is being produced under the title 'England in the Age of the American Revolution', and which, according to Sir Lewis Namier, is, in one aspect at least, 'a co-operative undertaking' so that 'the individuality of the collaborators merges into that of the team'.

But this is what Sir Lewis Namier actually wrote:

While the *History of Parliament* is a co-operative undertaking in which the individuality of the collaborators merges into that of the team, every volume of *England in the Age of the American Revolution* will be individual work, the author's garden plot on which he labours.

It will be seen that Professor Butterfield has fitted the facts to his thesis by the simple process of reversing them. Nor is this the only case of its kind.

Professor Butterfield's chief example of the untrue ideas of the Namier school is their view that the Rockingham party was



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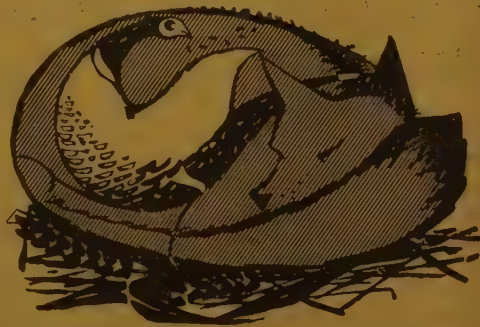
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not '*sui generis* among eighteenth-century parties' but a typical eighteenth-century Whig opposition. In refutation of this view he produces figures which purport to show that 'even in the mere point of numbers it stands by itself amongst the political factions'. These figures appear to be taken from Mr. Brooke's *Chatham Administration*, where they are proved to be gross exaggerations and indeed so utterly worthless as to raise the question: 'What sort of a party was it whose leaders did not know their own followers?' What sort of scholarship is it, one may ask, that is capable of such historical legerdemain?

Again, Professor Butterfield is anxious to show that the techniques and ideas of the Namier school have been anticipated by other historians. He suggests that towards the end of the last century the deposit of the Newcastle papers in the British Museum gave 'the stimulus to work of greater precision', citing as an example an article in 1897 on the Duke of Newcastle and the general election of 1734. As usual, this article is an excellent illustration of the exact reverse of the thesis which it is adduced by Professor Butterfield to support. So far from being a 'work of greater precision', on the lines of that of the Namier school, it has long been a by-word in informed historical circles for its grotesque over-estimate of the number of Members returned by the Duke of Newcastle, which it puts at sixty or seventy, the correct figure being about twelve.

It would be impossible within the limits of an ordinary review to enumerate the misrepresentations and mistakes of which samples have been given. Some of them arise from Professor Butterfield's inability to conceive that the history of George III's reign can be written without taking the side either of the King or of the Whig opposition. Viewing the work of the Namier school through the distorting medium of this illusion, he assumes that because they disagree with nineteenth-century Whig historians they must therefore disapprove of eighteenth-century Whig politicians, classes them as anti-Whig and pro-King, and having done so is disconcerted to find that on occasion they 'say more cruel things' about George III even than the Whig historians. It never seems to occur to him that they might be simply interested in the truth.

ROMNEY SEDGWICK

## The Biters Bit

### The Hidden Persuaders

By Vance Packard. Longmans. 18s.

THIS INDIGNANT, ENTERTAINING and mildly paranoid book recounts with a great deal of illustrative detail the changes which have taken place in American advertising techniques in the last decade, and incidentally gives information about one of the most successful advertising stunts in the history of that peculiar industry. The commodity sold in this stunt was a variation of the preliminary investigations conducted before a large advertising campaign is initiated, the notion that advertisements could be more effective if more was known about the ultimate purchasers. The salesmen were people with some sort of acquaintance with the vocabulary of psycho-analysis and sociology, and the fall guys, the customers, were the advertising men of Madison Avenue, who were cozened out of uncounted millions of dollars by the salesmanship of Messrs. Cheskin, Dichter, Vicary, Weiss and the other practitioners of 'depth interviewing', 'motivational research' and the other clever brand names for the newer types of fancy consumer reports.

From the examples given by Mr. Packard it seems pretty obvious that the 'science' which is said to be at the back of M.R. (short for 'motivational research' and the commonest term for these advertising consultants) is on the same level as the 'science' which puts wonder ingredients into tooth-pastes or breakfast cereals. Instead of dazzling the customer with the esoteric language of chemistry, use is made of the esoteric language of psycho-analysis or psychiatric personality testing. Apparently at times symbolic use is made of these tests on a few potential consumers; the insights claimed from such psychiatric tests (designed to show differences between individuals) are some-

times obvious, frequently comic, and most usually irrelevant.

Nevertheless M.R. has had a fantastic success, and the reasons for this are interesting. Whatever the psychological insight shown concerning the great mass of the American buying public, there seems little doubt that considerable psychological insight has been gained into the make-up of the American advertising fraternity. Many individuals in this fraternity have had some expensive treatment of a more or less psycho-analytical tinge, and have brand loyalty to this particular type of fashionable therapy; and M.R. appeals to their unconscious infantile wishes for magical omnipotence; if they only have the right spells, they will be able to put the whole of humanity under their sway. M.R. promises these magic spells. Further, there is an area of marginal social importance where M.R. does seem able to deliver the goods. The most intensive advertising is concerned with brands of commodities which vary very slightly in their ingredients or qualities—commodities such as petrol, cigarettes, cosmetics, detergents, many patent medicines and so on. The choice of, and adherence to, particular brands in such commodities are inherently irrational under any circumstances, and M.R. has brought out some notions which have persuaded sections of the consuming public to switch from brand A to brand B. This pleases the manufacturers, stockholders and advertisers of Brand B, but does not seem to be of any concern to those members of the public who are not interested financially in either enterprise. In matters of any greater weight there is no evidence (nor much likelihood) that M.R. is any more effective than the traditional techniques of propaganda and persuasion.

Mr. Packard in his book appears to accept all the claims made by these merchants of magical omnipotence and discusses them in terms calculated to terrify readers who share the wide-spread unconscious fears of 'influencing machines'. In his foreword he writes: 'Manipulating by playing upon the public's subconscious is clearly spreading . . . The possibilities of using the insights of psychiatry and the social sciences to influence our choices and our behaviour are so inviting that no one anywhere can be sure nowadays that he is not being worked upon by the depth persuaders.'

As a statement of fact this is almost ludicrous. Ever since mass advertising and goods branding started, the appeals to the public and public buying habits have been predominantly irrational; if this irrationality is founded on some sort of research, rather than the whims of the advertising agent or his client, this seems little cause for alarm. More fundamentally, there does seem some justification for Mr. Packard's indignation; although the results of M.R., as recounted in this book, are trivial, the aim—to exploit scientific knowledge of the weaknesses of human personality and to undermine the defences of the ego against unconscious wishes—is undoubtedly demoralising and wicked. The actual practitioners do not appear to have any scientific professional ethics at stake; but it is disheartening to learn that some of the most respected names in American sociology and experimental psychology have been willing to act as 'consultants'. To their credit, it does not appear that anybody employing these psychological techniques for therapeutic purposes has allowed their knowledge or reputation to be so unworthily exploited.

GEOFFREY GORER

## A Victorian Hero

The True Blue: The Life and Adventures of Col. Fred Burnaby 1842-85. By Michael Alexander. Hart-Davis. 30s.

ONE OF THE MOST charming of the smaller paintings in the National Portrait Gallery is that of Colonel Burnaby, there described as 'Soldier, traveller, politician, and balloonist'. He was painted by Tissot in 1870, a painting reproduced on the wrapper of this book, reclining in 'blue patrols' on a white sofa. A broad red stripe follows the line of an inordinately long leg from hip to lustrous patent leather shoe. Beneath the fiercely waxed moustache-ends, the lips are faintly smiling and one can almost hear the famous cavalry drawl. Standing six foot f. ur,



Burnaby was reputed to be the strongest man in the army. When contesting the Birmingham election of 1880 as Tory candidate in opposition to Joseph Chamberlain some hecklers mimicked his too-too pronunciation of Quettah and Khandahah, Burnaby stepped down into the audience, seized the hecklers by the collar, one in each hand, and deposited them on chairs at the back of the platform. 'You sit hyar, little man', he drawled, 'and, little man, you sit thyar!' Such behaviour, though it increased his personal popularity, did not win the election for the Tories. Besides, it was rumoured that he favoured flogging in the army.

When Burnaby went down at Abu Klea in 1885, fighting almost alone in a ring of fanatical fuzzy-wuzzies during the ill-fated expedition to relieve Gordon at Khartoum, he was already a national hero. He had gone out alone in front of the square to rescue some wounded, found himself isolated and fell beneath the Sudanese spears. It was one of those moments when the Gardner gun had jammed and friend and foe were mingled in frenzied confusion. Yet the spirit remained that of the playing fields of Eton. 'How's that, sir?' cried a guardsman, catching an Arab on the end of his bayonet. 'Well caught!' replied his officer.

Reviewing *A Ride to Khiva* in the *American Nation* in 1877, Henry James remarked of its author that he was 'a thoroughly English type of man—the robust, conservative, aristocratic soldier, opaque in intellect but indomitable in muscle, who . . . takes his stand, with a sort of physical tenacity, upon the faith that England must be the longest-armed power in the world'. Like many others at this time, Burnaby was deeply concerned at Russian penetration of Turkestan, with its threat to India, and he undertook his famous ride to Khiva across the frozen steppe in mid-winter, in defiance of the ban on foreign travel in that area, to find out just what the Russians were up to. His original plan had been to ride across Afghanistan to India, but on reaching Khiva he was recalled to England by the Duke of Cambridge. His book about this experience was such a success that next year, on the strength of a £2,500 advance from his grateful publisher (he had asked for £3,000) he undertook an even longer ride across Asia Minor from Constantinople to Erzurum, with the object of finding out whether the Turks were really so 'unspeakable' as Mr. Gladstone said they were. His conclusion was that at bottom the Turk was a very good fellow and that, with English advisers, Turkey could soon be a civilised nation.

Hero as he was, Burnaby suffered chronically from his liver and was addicted to pills and all manner of medicaments. He married only to find that his wife was suffering from lung trouble and, instead of the honeymoon in North Africa, as planned, had to take her straight to a sanatorium in Switzerland. Yet Mrs. Burnaby survived her husband to marry twice more and, as Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, to write numerous books on Alpine climbing in winter. Frank Harris, quoting Burnaby on the subject of physical exercises, suggests another reason for the failure of his marriage. 'We can easily over-do it and develop our muscles at the expense of our vital energy', he makes Burnaby say. 'I'm sure I'm over-developed. I've seen little slips of fellows get the passionate love of fine women, while great athletes are never remarkable lovers.' As everybody knew, Burnaby was nothing if not a great athlete. Though Mr. Alexander, who cites this, warns us against Harris' well-known mendacity ('Harris was a lying

little monkey of a man'), in this case it may be that he was nearer to the truth than usual.

*The True Blue*, exquisitely produced as it is, should delight all connoisseurs of Victoriana. Mr. Alexander writes both knowledgeably and agreeably about people who now seem almost as remote from us as the inhabitants of Alice's world on the other side of the looking glass.

PHILIP HENDERSON

## Highly Natural

**Memories of a Catholic Girlhood.** By Mary McCarthy. Heinemann. 21s.

THIS STRIKING AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL work consists of nine sketches linked together by a series of interpolated passages of analysis and criticism. With an orphan's burning interest in her past, Miss McCarthy uncovers and explores her family history, skewers recollections, her own and other people's, straightens out distortions, fits broken pieces edge to edge, weighs up the probable proportions of fact and fiction, rendering the whole mixture down and down until she has extracted from it what seems to her the satisfactory shape of truth.

The project sounds perhaps fussily elaborate; and her dual technique does, I think, impose some strain upon the reader. For one thing, she never relaxes her stripped vigilance, her razor's edge awareness, so that one is tempted to require an occasional breather, a momentary hooding of that disabused and beady eye, more variation, less unremitting brilliance of tone, texture, surface; for another, the bridge passages are printed in italics—a device which, as in *The Waves*, makes for an almost suffocating sense of tension. But in the main she is, as ever, a dazzlingly elegant and entertaining professional performer.

Brought up between two sets of grandparents and other relatives, some Catholic, some Protestant, some Jewish, she examines their behaviour with clinical impartiality. They were



Fred Burnaby, student, Dresden, 1858

From 'The True Blue'

not, she says, remarkable; they were 'ordinary people who behaved quite oddly. They certainly did not think themselves unusual; in their own eyes they were like everyone else, and their conduct seemed to them highly natural. It puzzles them—the ones who survive—that anyone else should puzzle over them, and this surely is a mark of mediocrity'. Buried, unmentionable, stuffed away under all this odd ordinariness, this undistinguished eccentricity, lay Mary McCarthy's early tragedy, the traumatic loss which probably explains that paradoxical element of claustrophobia which underlies her wit, detachment, and lucidity. Orphaned at six years old between one week and the next, ferociously cast forth from the vegetative instinctive world of normally protected childhood (and hers had been idyllically happy), she found herself obliged to devise expedients for her own survival in the wilderness, to construct some sort of edifice of consciousness within which she could hide, watch, breathe. One cannot but see her and her three infant brothers ('we made no demands, we had no hopes') with distress, with anguish even—archetypal orphans, with elderly faces and stunned hearts, scrubbed, disinfected, disinherited, beaten; victims for five whole years of a pair of



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guardians positively monstrous, Murdstonian in their harshness, indifference, and sadism. These children were deprived of a home life where 'everything had conspired to fix in our minds the idea that we were very precious little persons, precious to our parents and to God too, who was listening to us with loving attention every night when we said our prayers'; whose romantically handsome father had spent most of his time at home in bed (he had a bad heart) entertaining his four children, planning treats and surprises. A page of snapshots shows him with a lovely girl, their mother, during the engagement period—the very image, both of them, of gaiety, youth, sensual innocence and sex appeal.

Whether or no their daughter was born a creative artist, or reborn as one by virtue of her premature emotional catastrophes, this chronicle of childhood and adolescence does not consider. She merely records herself with sensibility, with irony and humour, with a total absence of self-indulgence or self-pity. Now and again her lapsed-Catholic, contemporary voice soars above itself to attain a note of abstract poignancy and perturbation, calling to mind the solo instrument in Bartók's Violin Concerto. Looking back, she sees that it was religion that saved her, by providing the aesthetic outlet she lacked and needed most. On the other hand she says: 'Religion, Catholic particularly, is only good for good people. Only good people can afford to be religious. For the others it is too great a temptation—to the deadly sins of pride and anger—also sloth'. Such remarks are clever: perhaps they are wise as well.

ROSAMOND LEHMANN

## The Greek View of Life

*The Greek Experience.* By C. M. Bowra.  
Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.

THERE HAS ALWAYS BEEN one thing basically wrong with classical education in this country. The schoolmaster, while paying plenty of lip service to the Greeks and Romans, is not at all anxious to admit the precise nature of the very pungent views they held about life and the many ways in which such views were demonstrably more logical and engaging than our own. An uneasy conspiracy of silence prevails through the student's childhood and adolescence, in the course of which the poor little wretch is exhausted by syntactical disciplines, hampered by boring notes, cheated by bowdlerizers, and carefully misled by the rosy representatives of good-form Christianity. It is like the English attitude to food. 'Eat up your Horace and don't ask questions'. Mr. Cyril Connolly, by his own admission in his Preface to *The Rock Pool*, did not come to understand the pleasure-loving and material attitude of most Roman poets until he was about to leave school—and then only because he was lucky enough to discover the Loeb editions. These, with their clear, sensible and undiluted translations alongside the text, let the pagan cat right out of the bag. But there were—and are—plenty of interfering ushers waiting to pounce on the thing and drown it.

In this unhappy state of affairs, much good can be done by an authoritative statement from an authoritative person. Sir Maurice's latest book is the first volume of a new history of civilisation to be published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson. It is fitting and heartening that the series should start with Greece and not with the Old Testament, and that it should be written by a man who, whether as scholar, humanist, or personality, is relished by his friends and pupils as much as he is respected by the general public. It is still more fitting and heartening that this book should emphasise, as indeed it does, the harmony and completeness of the Greek view of life, and should firmly give the lie to the old bleat about the Greeks 'being a wonderful people, my dear boy, but somehow pathetic and missing something—yearning unconsciously for Christ centuries before his birth'.

Sir Maurice has not set out to write a narrative history, but has undertaken to present a general assessment of what the Greeks stood for, how they came to stand for it, and what in consequence they felt about certain transcendently important questions—notably, of course, life, death, and love. Starting with a description of the country and the people, Sir Maurice then

has a lively chapter about the 'Heroic Outlook', in which he covers the early and rather crude cult of the man who gets honour through action, of the outstanding man of courage, prowess and, not least, intelligence. He goes on to show how this conception became gradually softened and modified. There is a splendid chapter in which he deals with the rather equivocal part played by the Gods in all this, and another of high significance which shows how Greek, and particularly Athenian, political method slowly succeeded in confining the more deplorable types of individual licence without confining individual liberty. Further sweetening influences are introduced by way of poetry, plastic art, and the use of reason as opposed to prejudice; and eventually, after 200-odd pages and 64 more of pleasing and sometimes unusual photographs, the original princely Hero, intelligent, ruthless and beautiful, emerges as 'the Good Man' leading 'the Good Life'—as someone, that is, who uses his particular attributes as a human being to lead and administer his fellows, love and entertain his friends, promote moderation and tolerance under the sun, and, if he can, create ideas or objects of beauty.

I have heard it said that it is a pity Sir Maurice does not write with the style and vigour he uses in conversation. True, some of his earlier books have been a bit stiff and steady. This one is nothing of the kind. Clear, logical, cool and urbane, implying more than it states but implying it very plainly, the language runs swiftly, pleasantly and gaily along. If put into the right hands, by which I mean young hands, *The Greek Experience* will perform an outstanding service for the study of the classics, for it provides intelligible and entertaining information on issues, frequently and easily obscured, which are vital to the enjoyment of Greek literature. Above all, it makes plain that, for the Greeks:

This world, peopled by man, is the proper concern of man.

Death is a fascinating subject for speculation, but anyone who claims to know the truth about it is either a fool or a confidence-trickster.

The Gods have taken human shape, not out of condescension, but because there is no other shape worth taking.

The truth is not determined by Revelation but by logical deduction from self-evident principles or from such natural examples as are available.

Laughter, wine and the love of friends are all the sweeter for being merely transient.

Physical love is an enjoyable and harmless occupation.

This book conveys the Good News from Greece. The message, to be sure, is an old one, but it has constantly been suppressed, misrepresented or simply ignored. A distinguished and knightly Evangelist now interprets it once again. He who runs may read.

SIMON RAVEN

## The Open Future

*The Poverty of Historicism.* By Karl R. Popper.  
Routledge and Kegan Paul. 16s.

THIS BOOK, one might say, was a classic even before it was printed. It first appeared as a series of articles in *Economica* in 1944-5; it was later published as a book in Italian and in French. It has had a prodigious influence on post-war thinking in the social sciences; reputations have been made by writers who found their inspiration in its thesis; and here at long last is the original English text, with some additions and revisions, as a book, not, alas, perfectly produced—the wrapper is deplorable (literally dotty) and the *mise-en-page* rather poor—but, nevertheless, a book to be thankful for, to welcome and salute.

Professor Popper belongs to that small class of political philosophers, to which, perhaps, all the best of the kind belong, in whom an interest in the theory of government is united to an intense concern for just government; in this class analyst and polemist, theorist and reformer merge. Popper's work is of far greater than mere academic value; it has an immediate and manifest bearing on the political decisions that everyone has to make. An essential part of the argument, indeed, is precisely to show that our decisions do effectively shape our destiny; that the universe is not subject to ineluctable laws of historical determinism; that the future is open.



The 'historicism' which Popper attacks in these pages is that approach to the social sciences which assumes that historical prediction is their principal aim, and that this aim is attainable by discovering the 'rhythms' or 'patterns' or 'laws' which underlie the evolution of history. Marxism is a form of historicism; so are the theories of Spengler and Dr. Toynbee and many others. Popper has refuted historicism by showing that for strictly logical reasons it is impossible to predict the future; but the emphasis of his present book is on the poverty rather than the absurdity of historicism.

Popper believes that the historicist approach is responsible for the present unsatisfactory state of the social sciences; historicist sociology, for example, is the shoddy commodity which spoils the market for a genuinely scientific sociology. He also maintains that if the method of the natural sciences is properly understood, a common approach to both the natural and the social sciences, a complete 'unity of method', can be established. He develops this, the most original part of his argument, with particular cogency and force.

At one point Popper speaks of the historicists as unimaginative men, men who 'cannot imagine a change in the conditions of change'. In other respects historicists are sometimes too imaginative; for historicism is often found in alliance with Utopianism. Thus Plato, a pessimistic historicist who believed that virtually all change is decay, devised an ideal state which was to arrest change; and Marx, an optimistic historicist, both predicted and tried to hasten the coming of a perfect classless society.

In place of such 'Utopian engineering' Popper believes in what he calls 'piecemeal engineering'; instead of attempting to realise a distant ideal blue-print of society, he thinks we should be fighting immediate social evils; not seeking the abstract Good but correcting concrete wrongs—injustice, exploitation, suffering. He appeals at the same time to conscience and to reason. He is in a very real sense a 'philosophical radical'. And he certainly succeeds in showing that 'piecemeal engineering' is the more scientific method of reform, since at bottom it rests, as science does, on the principle of trial and error.

MAURICE CRANSTON

## Malice and a Mountain

The First Ascent of Mont Blanc. By T. Graham Brown and Sir Gavin de Beer. Oxford. 70s.

IN 1760 PROFESSOR HORACE BÉNÉDICT DE SAUSSURE, a distinguished member of the University of Geneva, visited nearby Chamonix and was struck by the possibility of making scientific experiments from the summit of Mont Blanc. He thereupon offered a reward to the pioneer who should make the first ascent, and in 1786 the prize was claimed by one Jacques Balmat who was accompanied to the summit by the local Chamonix doctor, Michel-Gabriel Paccard. It was nearly a year later that de Saussure himself, helped up by a small army of professional guides, reached the top and carried out his observations (the third ascent of the mountain), and although he was not, even by the standards of those days, a great mountaineer, it is his name and that of Balmat which have dominated the legend of Mont Blanc for the past one hundred and fifty years. It is their statues which still stand in the square at Chamonix, not that of Dr. Paccard, the simple, honest village doctor who is now proved beyond doubt to have been the one who first discovered a possible route up the mountain and was the first to reach its summit.

The story of the first ascent of Mont Blanc is one of jealousy, malice and greed. A certain Monsieur Bourrit, largely to acquire some better standing in Genevoise society (in which he was regarded as an upstart), aspired to become the acknowledged expert on Mont Blanc. Although he tried to climb the mountain he never succeeded. To him it therefore seemed necessary to belittle the efforts of others, and especially those of Dr. Paccard who, as an educated man with a passionate interest in mountain climbing, presumably might himself wish to become the historian of Mont Blanc. This, however, was something that Bourrit was determined should not happen, and as events turned out it was not difficult for him to suppress the truth.

In the first place Dr. Paccard was a man without personal ambition. He was moved only by local patriotism: the wish to establish beyond dispute the supremacy of Mont Blanc among the mountains of Europe. Nowadays almost any physically active person can get to the top of Mont Blanc from the French side of

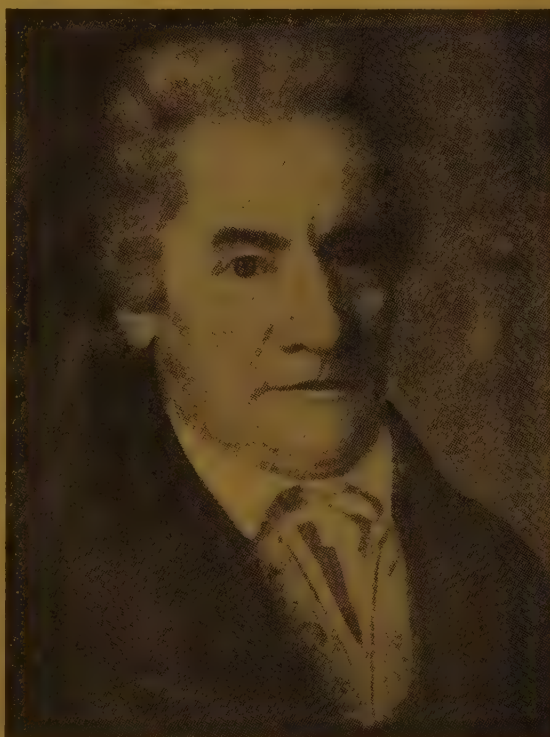
the mountain, but in the eighteenth century the first ascent probably seemed no less stirring than did the climbing of Everest to us in 1953. Incidentally, the attempts made to prove that Tensing (who himself had no such notion), as opposed to Hillary, was the first to set foot upon the summit are a counterpart of what

happened in 1786. But whereas the Everest affair was merely a matter of excessive nationalism and was soon brought into its proper proportions, that of Mont Blanc was a question of money. It seemed unlikely that Dr. Paccard, as an amateur climber and a gentleman, would in any circumstances claim the prize offered by Professor de Saussure. In order, therefore, that Balmat should be eligible to claim the money it was necessary for him to distort the truth, in which he was aided and abetted by Bourrit. The story he told was that he supported the exhausted Dr. Paccard to the highest point after he, Balmat, had returned from the summit to fetch him. For reasons which have never been adequately explained, de Saussure, although he must have been aware of the truth, countenanced the deceit, and the publication by Dumas père of his famous *Impressions de Voyage-Suisse* gave to the story a world-wide currency it might otherwise not have obtained.

Edward Whymper was one of the first to sense that there might be something very wrong in the Balmat legend, but it was the detailed research carried out over a number of years by the late H. F. Montagnier,

an American long resident in Switzerland, which eventually revealed the truth. This book, which is excitingly written and splendidly illustrated, contains every known document relating to the first ascent of Mont Blanc, including the whole of Dr. Paccard's own notebook, never before published, and many valuable appendixes. It might easily have been a work of interest only to specialists, but in point of fact it has many of the qualities of a first-class detective story. Its publication marks the centenary of the Alpine Club which, by a happy coincidence, is also the bicentenary of the birth of Dr. Paccard.

JOHN MORRIS



Dr. Michel-Gabriel Paccard as an old man, by an unknown artist

From 'The First Ascent of Mont Blanc'





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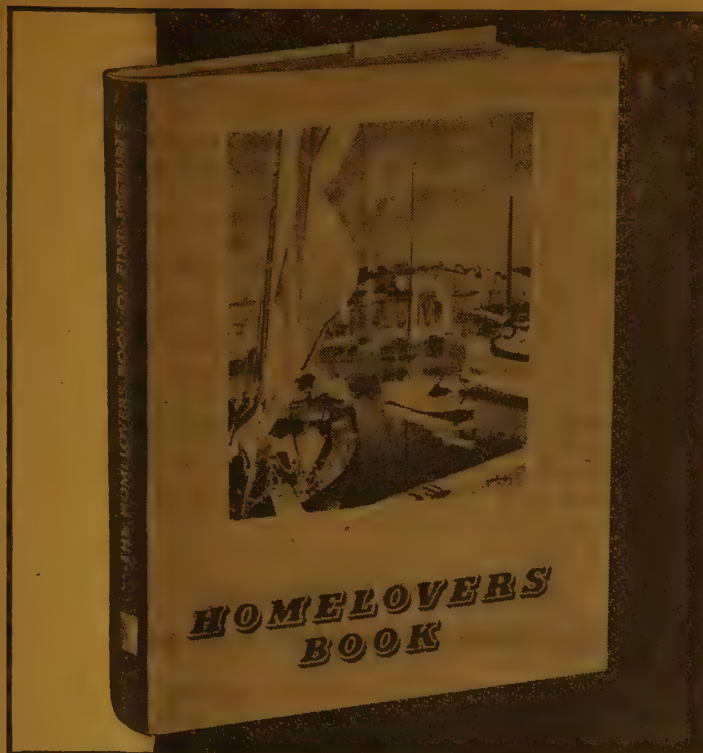
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## Light on Deoli

The Twice Born. By G. Morris Carstairs. Hogarth. 30s.

DEOLI (POPULATION 1,000, NAME IMAGINARY) is a village in Rajputana. It stands in a narrow valley, beset by stony ridges and sparse jungle, such wealth as it has is agricultural, it is the head of a district containing sixty smaller villages of a similar type. A metalled road passes near it, from which a dirt-lane runs up to a towering fortress. This is the home of the 'Ruler' who, until recently, genuinely ruled and was the feudatory vassal of the Maharana of Udaipur. The changes of 1948 ended all that. The Ruler lost his power, his prestige and his income, and the village beneath him no longer salutes him when he descends into it, and is moving awkwardly towards modernity. It has not yet moved very far, its traditional structure remains fairly intact, and that is why it was chosen as a field for psychological and anthropological research by Dr. Morris Carstairs.

But Dr. Carstairs had himself already been chosen by India. He was born there (son of a missionary) and for the first nine years of his life Urdu was his main language and Indian children his play-fellows. Then he was transferred to Edinburgh, specialised in psychiatry and is now at the Maudsley Hospital. He managed to return for a time as a trained observer to the beloved land of his birth, and that is why *The Twice Born* is such a fascinating book, and why, though its aim is scientific, it belongs to the humanities.

Sympathetic researchers are of course as common as peas in these days—as common as dried peas. Having learnt what type of sympathy will be applicable they go out and apply it, acquire the maximum of information, snap up their notebooks, and fly back to England or America, to decode at leisure in a laboratory. Dr. Carstairs adopts this technique as little as possible. The friendship he offers Deoli is not genuine friendship, for he has no intention of settling down or of becoming emotionally involved. But it is researcher-friendship of the highest available quality. It includes warmth, gracefulness, respectfulness, humility. He concentrates on the three leading castes: Rajput (warrior), Brahmin (priestly), and Bania (trade). One individual is selected from each and undergoes a Raven Matrices Test and a Rorschach Test and provides a life story. All co-operate gladly though not always honestly, and their reticences, and the reticences he discovers in himself, are carefully noted by their interviewer.

The Rajput representative is the Ruler himself, an ebullient and forceful person, proud of his race and his military tradition, and defiantly addicted to women and drink. But beneath the surface he is unsure, cannot adjust himself to the new India, and indulges in day-dreams. The two greatest things in life, he announces, are going to bed with girls of sixteen and praying to God for spiritual development. No doubt sex is a transitory joy ('Soon you want the same again, dammit, silly thing'), but he will not agree that it is a hindrance as regards religion. Here he is typical of his caste—the fighting one. His knowledge of religion is by no means perfunctory, as a British moralist hastens to conclude; he has exercised and meditated, and has some apprehension of the divine vision. He flounders away good-humouredly in Dr. Carstairs' good-tempered net, and he does not do well in his Rorschach Test.

The Brahmin representative is a middle-aged schoolmaster, of higher principles but also of an outlook puzzling to the West. He despises the Ruler and thus denounces him:

'He is all wrong, he is a bogus lecher. Always busy with wine and women, how can he ever find his way along this stony and thorny path? Of course, there is one quicker way, it is the way of contradiction. By saying the opposite, by blaspheming and denying, and by breaking the rules, they attain perfection. You see them sometimes on the road, they are very dirty. They get to God in no time. . . . They lie, they talk against God and against religion, but in their hearts they remember God. I cannot tell you very much about these men, because I have talked very little to them, because we cannot learn anything from what they say to us. Only very ordinary men follow this path, sensible men never go this way'.

The personal conduct of this Brahmin may commend him to us; but how remote are his opinions!

The third selected individual, the Bania, was not from Deoli, where none of the caste spoke English. He came from a town. He is by far the most amusing and congenial of the three soloists, and is aptly compared to Boswell. There is the same frankness in confession, the same determination to be less frank in the future. Broken resolutions pave the primrose path. Although a member of a money-making community, he is bad at making money, which increases his tensions.

'After my high school career, I and a friend started a very small bookshop. But we did not know what business is; how to get books; from where to get them, or so on. We had intended to run a second hand bookshop and had kept our own books only. Then we got a signboard prepared for about ten annas, which was totally washed away by the rains after 3-4 days, and with it was washed away our shop also'.

But even as a child he did not harmonise with his surroundings:

'I used to throw things out of the house very swiftly. Before one thing could be restored I used to throw away another. Once I threw the umbrella on the head of a girl, which caused her nose-bleed, on the one hand and the other threw a silver ornament in the refuse pipe'.

Nor does marriage and life in a Hindu joint family bring balance:

'There has always been a trouble over the radio. Nobody in the family is interested in it except myself and brother. Mother cannot see the consumption of electricity, wife's curtains of the car are torn with it as with battle drums, father seldom begins to rebuke except when he is sad and/or the child is weeping and all that sort of thing. I have decided more than a dozen times both to hear it in spite of the protests of all, and also to attempt violence on self and stop hearing it, although it is I who have bought it at a very low price. Anyway what I decide now, with the concurrence of the mother is as under:—

NOTHING'.

And nothing ever is decided by this incompetent and attractive Bania. He cannot even cure himself of 'Pick and Eat', though it ruins his digestion. How surprised he must have been, how pleased are we, that he should beat both the Rajput and the Brahmin in his Raven Matrices Test!

These three biographies fill the latter part of the book, and are so colourful and amusing that they tempt an unscientific reviewer (like the present one) to play about with them. But they form an essential part of a serious study. They are integrated with the general survey of Deoli which occupies the first part. Here Dr. Carstairs, with the help of further witnesses, examines the fissures that divide the community. The village is on the whole an uneasy one. He is welcomed warmly, then he is mistrusted, then he discovers that the villagers mistrust each other, everyone wants a friend, no one can count on one, quarrels are frequent, and the only safe and honourable role is that of the mediator. Then there are the troubles of defilement through excretions or food or un-touchables. There are the troubles of drink. The Brahmins take Bhang for the spiritual experiences attending it and are disgusted with the Rajputs for taking Daru. The Rajputs are so sozzled with Daru that they do not mind whether the Brahmins take Bhang or not. Dr. Carstairs took both Bhang and Daru. He realised that the latter is less elevating and he preferred it\*.

All the same his enquiries flourished, and he had one dramatic interlude. Finding Hinduism almost more than he could stomach and too near, perhaps, to neuroses of his own, he took two months' holiday amongst the Bhils. The Bhils lay outside the hieratic and intricate subject-matter of his research. They ignored caste, they murdered and thieved, they danced violently and ate anything, and horrified orthodoxy by walking, husband and wife, hand in hand. The Bhils will be absorbed by Hinduism, just as Hinduism, with the Bhils inside it, will be absorbed by industrialism. Caste will not survive the machine. It is fortunate that Deoli, at this transitional moment of its history, should have been interviewed by Dr. Carstairs not only with insight but with affection.

E. M. FORSTER

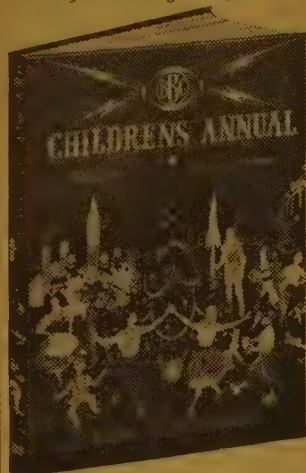
\* The discussion of intoxicants occurs not in *The Twice Born* but in a pamphlet, *Daru and Bhang*.—E.M.F.



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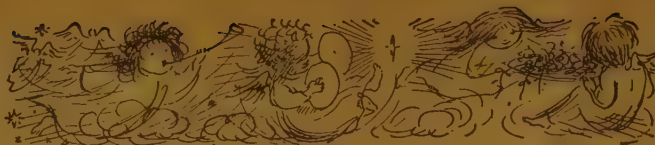
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# Children's Books

## Senior Bookshelf

I SHALL DEAL FIRST with a number of novels which have come to us from abroad because some of them bear the prestige of prizes won in their own countries. A great book for children must be a great book by any standard; and a good book for children must be a work of devoted craftsmanship. To my way of thinking, very few reach even this second category, but there are some. First is *Avalanche* (University of London Press, 12s. 6d.), by A. Rutgers van der Loeff, translated by Dora Round. A group of orphans are got out of danger from a small fall and then combine to rescue the victims of the great disaster. Supplies are dropped to them from the air and they dig under the threat of further falls. These orphans are from various countries and the book is truly European in its appeal and noteworthy for vivid characterisation; a prize book which I recommend wholeheartedly. My next choice—not a prize book—is from the Library of Contemporary Soviet

Novels, *Shiptimber Grove* (Lawrence and Wishart, 11s. 6d.), by Mikhail Prishvin, translated by David Fry. Two children are searching for their father and this is a detailed but simply written account of their adventures in the forests of Russia. There is a kind of placidity in this story which is very charming. I found the journey down river fascinating in its meditative digressions. As a contrast, France brings us a story of the streets, *A Hundred Million Francs* (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.), by Paul Berna, translated by John Buchanan-Brown. Here we have the dead-end kids of proletarian Paris and a puzzled Inspector Sinet in mixed and sometimes farcical adventure. The author has gone at his job with gusto and communicates it. This is another prize book. From the other side of the world comes *The Lone Hunt* (Macmillan, 11s. 6d.), by William O. Steele, a short book but a good one, about a small boy on his own in the wilds of Tennessee. There is no nonsense here about children not killing animals. You hunts deer and you kills 'em: just the book for boys who have not that opportunity.

When *The Orphans of Simitra* (University of London Press, 12s. 6d.), by Paul-Jacques Bonzon, was published in France it was awarded the Prix Enfance du Monde. I do not find it in the same class as these four. It tells of two children who wander through Europe after their home in Greece has been destroyed by an earthquake. We see the new, strange countries through their unsophisticated eyes and the story is sometimes moving. But these are not children! They are only what adults sometimes think children are. The author has a pretty invention but tends to be lachrymose and never seems to forget a possible adult audience. Two historical novels, *Sons of the Steppe* and *Son of Columbus* (O.U.P., 12s. 6d. each), both by Hans Baumann and translated by Isabel and Florence McHugh, are effective in their way but of uncertain aim. Are they for children? They lack the child's eye view. Are they for adults? Then they have not the completed view of life. Both are good—I preferred the first because the subject is less familiar to me—but children who are old enough to read these books are old enough for adult histories.

This brings us to the home front where historical novels abound and vary from first class to shockingly incompetent. The secret of the novel lies in imaginative intensity, but some of these books give me the impression that the authors put less concentrated imagination into their work than they would put into telling a story by the fire. Precisely because these stories do not draw the child forward the way he is growing they are sterile and threadbare, written by bored adults for bored children. The child wants bread and is offered wood pulp. Let us hasten away to the honourable exceptions.

First comes *The Sword of Ganelon* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), by Richard Parker, who clearly writes out of intense imaginative preoccupation. I should like to read an adult historical novel written by Mr. Parker for he has it in him, root and branch. We do not have to suspend disbelief, we are there, in Saxon England. Perhaps the temporal colour lies a bit thick on the ground but it is put there very deftly. Overshadowed by Mr. Parker but none the less effective in their way are *The Road to Miklagard* (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.), by Henry Treece, and *The Silver Branch* (O.U.P., 12s. 6d.), by Rosemary Sutcliff. *The Escape of the Queen* (Evans, 10s. 6d.), by Jane Lane, is a pleasant romance for the twelve-year group, slight but made notable by its excellent illustrations.

Stories of the world today come in stacks. *Horse in the Clouds* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), by Helen Griffiths, has refreshing changes of scene and character but seems a little disjointed as a result. A simpler story but well told is *Kami the Sherpa* (Brockhampton Press, 12s. 6d.), by Showell Styles. Since Mr. Styles is a top

mountaineer himself he takes us with authority to climb only a few miles from Everest. *The Young Horse Dealers* (Country Life, 10s. 6d.), by Mona Sandler, is ideal for the Pony Club and very firmly illustrated; not as good as watching show jumping on the 'telly'—but better than brooding. For younger children *Fiona Leaps the Bonfire* (Dent, 12s. 6d.), by Patricia Lynch, is an unusual mixture of fact and fantasy. *The Green-Coated Boy* (Faber, 12s. 6d.), by Marjorie Dixon and Richard Kennedy, is a rather gentle story of adventures in search of a husband for a goat. If you want a contemporary thriller there is *Java Sea Duel* (Dent, 11s. 6d.), by Arthur Catherall, a salvage story with



Drawing by Richard Kennedy in *A Hundred Million Francs*, by Paul Berna

trimmings; and *Dark Amazon* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.), by Martin Gregg, which is a passable adventure story. I should like to put in a special word for *The Boys' Book of the Deep Sea* (Chambers, 8s. 6d.), by Major-General R. N. Stewart, which is badly written but completely convincing. In a separate category comes *Penelope and Curlew* (Macmillan, 15s.), by Ann Bullingham. This is a most amusing story and at times beautifully written. Surely, though, this isn't for children? Its vocabulary and special brand of charm are for adults. Did it get into my tale of bricks by mistake? To close the list I must mention an anthology, *Stories for Girls* (Faber, 15s.), chosen by Kathleen Lines. This is a good selection with a high standard of writing. Any girl of twelve or over will enjoy many of the stories and be enticed by some of them to more adult reading.

Poetry is represented by one book and that an outstanding one. *Rhyme and Reason* (Chatto and Windus, 9s. 6d.) has been selected by Raymond O'Malley and Denys Thompson, a team well known to teachers of English. They succeed in cutting the cackle and in making the poetry immediately enjoyable. They stir a dose of wit and satire into solemnity, which acts like yeast on the whole body poetical. This book is not only for children. It might rouse an adult who has lost touch with poetry or never come in contact with it.

From an indescribable miscellany I shall pick a handful which seem to me to justify themselves. *Men, Missiles, and Machines* (Rathbone Books, 17s. 6d.), by Lancelot Hogben, is a history of science—accurate, simple, and well illustrated. This is extremely good value for the money. *How to Observe Our Wild Mammals* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d.), by Maxwell Knight, is a splendid book for the enthusiast. *Thomas Telford* (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.), by Laurence Meynell, is the absorbing biography of a great engineer. *The Boy's Book of Exploration* (Cassell, 12s. 6d.), edited by Sir Edmund Hillary, varies in quality but I recommend it. *The World We Live In* (Collins, 30s.) is a sumptuously illustrated volume about the universe and life and all that.

WILLIAM GOLDING



## Younger Bookshelf

HAVING BEEN SPELLBOUND by the wealth of gay-jacketed, richly illustrated children's books, I was attracted to one in the display contrasting with its splendid fellows by reason of its sombre colours and modest size. It seemed by its aloofness something different, and so it turned out to be, and it goes—for all its unassuming looks—to the head of my list of enchantment. *The Animal Kingdom*, by René Guillot (O.U.P., 9s. 6d.), is a collection of stories about animals and Africans in the Niger country, and has a beauty and simplicity of language matching perfectly the nobility of character which is equally shared between beast and man. No one is too young or too old to appreciate the proud innocence and sharp delight of these magnificent tales.

For boys and girls of six and under, there are entrancing picture books with stories to read over and over. *Jeanne-Marie in Gay Paris*, by Françoise (Brockhampton Press, 10s. 6d.), is a frolic of roundabouts, guignols and romantic policemen. *Pegasus*, by John Bowen (Faber, 12s. 6d.), tells how the immortal horse, moidered by interlopers in our present crowded air, flies to earth, is found by a boy and becomes a working horse. A tender, starry fantasy, exquisitely illustrated. A satisfying companionship between a boy and a man who are country neighbours is comfortably told in *Amazing Mr. Pelgrew*, by Miriam Schlein (Abelard-Schuman, 10s. 6d.). The fact that the boy excitedly finds his friend controlling traffic in a busy town in no way spoils their thoughtful comradeship. *Jalopy*, by Louise Cochrane (Chatto and Windus, 5s.), is an alley-cat who dosses down in an old taxi. He suddenly finds himself driving a Scotland Yard detective in this vehicle and is the means of solving the missing papers mystery. *Anatole*, by Eve Titus (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), is a French mouse whose honour and resourcefulness are fortunately recognised by the head of a cheese factory.

Six- to eight-year-olds have been done very proud this year, too. I am one of those ignoramuses who had never met the bear cub who is the irrepressible heroine of *Mary Plain Goes to America*, by Gwynedd Rae (Routledge, 6s.). But having now crossed her path, I have experienced the full impact of this astonishing personality, this beguiling little show-off who makes life for her enslaved owner so fraught with embarrassment. The outwitted villain of *The Adventures of Polly and the Wolf*, by Catherine Storr (Faber, 9s. 6d.), is quite another cup of tea: he does his best to inveigle the stolid Polly into being eaten, with every kind of dastardly plot, including pretending to be Father Christmas, which is hardly cricket when all's said. But time and again the silly fellow gets hoist with his own petard—Polly safe and Wolf frustrated. Children will be as much entertained by the spirited and amusing drawings in *The Little Banditta*, by Karel Jaeger (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), as by the spicy lingo Mexican. Mexico is evidently populated with not very clever bandits, lazy rich men and beautiful hard-worked women. A gentle plump priest, the bandit's child, a cow and a donkey—adorably portrayed—are by far the most sensible of the lottico. John Symonds' *Lottie* (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) is an eighteenth-century talking doll who for all her sophistication sets up a flourishing lobster business with a founding odd-job dog—until the lobsters get wise. After a long and sad separation doll and dog are reunited. An appealing story with gravely romantic drawings by Ardizzone. Illustrated by Bettina, *The Magic Christmas Tree*, by Lee Kingman (O.U.P., 12s. 6d.), glows warmly in the forest, where it is decorated by a rich and a poor child, each unaware of the other's visits, marvelling as the figures of the Nativity appear so magically.

From eight to ten, one is beginning to read to oneself and books with real chapters are satisfying. *Merry Brown Hare* tells the story of this lithe creature from her leverethood through many adventures until the birth of her own family. Mr. A. Windsor-Richards writes with compelling sensi-

tivity of flowers, birds, and wild creatures (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). And if our hearts are now in romantic mood we can indulge them fully with *Angelo and Rosaline*, written and ravishly illustrated by Bettina (Collins, 12s. 6d.): a tender story of a lonely child who brings to life a stone cherub in a public garden by her admiration of him. Next come two excellent and factual books about household pets. The first, *Mr. Paley*, by Katharine Fielding Barnsley (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), follows a pampered town-dog who attaches himself to a tinker's family and is the indirect means of curing the youngest tinker, a cripple. In *Minka and Curdy*, by Antonia White (Harvill, 12s. 6d.), a lonely and bereaved cat-lover decides to acquire a ginger kitten, but before its arrival is given an aristocratic Siamese one. We learn of all the difficulties and compensations of a human adapting herself to the princely ways of a Siamese kitten and, having just got that one sorted out, how

they both react to the onset of the rumbustious ginger kitten, without inhibitions or tact. Rumbustious too is *Pippi in the South Seas*, by Astrid Lindgren (O.U.P., 9s. 6d.). 'Pippi may not have good manners, but she has a kind heart' is putting it rather mildly. She is a rollicking *enfant terrible* with an alarmingly candid tongue.

For older children, say nine to twelvish, there is a remarkable book written by fifteen-year-old Lindsey Campbell, called *Horse of Air* (Routledge, 12s. 6d.). The author identifies herself with a herd of



One of Paul Galdone's illustrations in *Anatole*, by Eve Titus

ponies. She is with them always, sheltering from the icy rain on Scottish moors, or in their quiet company by the fire on Christmas Eve when 'true to legend, they all knelt'. This is a noble and unique book, written with bold imaginative force.

The witch in *Bedknob and Broomstick*, by Mary Norton (Dent, 12s. 6d.) is a worthy, Liberty-scarfish, prim, Women's Institute type. Her tentative spell-craft and the approach of a family of children who have seen her not very successful trial broomstick runs, are subtly developed. The children are considerate and courteous, their experiments enterprising and benevolent. *A Light Dozen*, by Janet McNeill (Faber, 10s. 6d.), is tightly packed with light-hearted, high-spirited tales told with crisp wit and 'neat dialogue. The more realistic stories in *Island of Seals*, by Margaret Shaw (Methuen, 10s. 6d.), are mostly concerned with animals and birds, of which the author has a deep and sympathetic knowledge. *Merlin's Ring*, by Meriol Trevor (Collins, 12s. 6d.), is a fascinating adventure into fifth-century Britain, vividly and convincingly unfolded. Enthusiastically recommended also is an original story by William Mayne called *A Grass Rope* (O.U.P., 10s. 6d.). Mr. Mayne's keen observation of children and their talk, his knowledge of the Fell country, together with a rattling good mystery, will make this book deservedly much in demand.

Lastly, for everyone, because poetry and song has no age-limit, Sir Herbert Read's anthology *This Way Delight* (Faber, 15s.)

contains many favourites and a number of others which we shall get to know and love as well. *A Cat Came Fiddling* (O.U.P., 12s. 6d.) is a fine collection of children's rhymes, traditional and new, by Paul Kapp, and so is *Ding Dong Bell* by Percy Young and Edward Ardizzone (Dobson, 21s.). Finally, with a merry peal and infinite changes, comes a rich selection of Eleanor Farjeon's most sayable and rememberable verses. So let all this gay company of books of fantasy, romance, adventure and frolic be rung in with joyous din by *The Children's Bells* (O.U.P., 15s.).



Drawing by Cam in *The Little Banditta* by Karel Jaeger

ANN THOMAS



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# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### A Week of Sport

I LITTLE thought eleven short months ago that I was about to be transmogrified, and that at an age when a man is thought to be irremediably fixed in his tastes and habits, into a sporting type—the sort of chap whose talk is of Manchester United, Aston Villa, Sheffield Wednesday, and, though less enthusiastically, of Pontypool, Cross Keys, and the Australian team at present touring this country, not to mention boxing, amateur and professional, British and foreign. Yet so it is.

But I have kept my reason: you will not



An incident during the international ice hockey match between Wembley Lions and the U.S.S.R., part of which was televised on November 30

find me among the thousands who brave the cold and rain round the football grounds nor even in those more sheltered places where boxing occurs. I must have a private room, a comfortable chair, and good reception, but with these I can become enthralled in the struggles of athletes. But I have my reserves. Soccer is both extremely enjoyable and exciting; rugby is exciting but not enjoyable. Even at its best I find it too full of lets and hindrances to be enjoyed by a passive spectator. For me a match such as Pontypool and Cross Keys v. the Australians a fortnight ago with the interruption of constant scrums and ball over the touchline was so unbearably frustrating that I had to switch off before the end—a proof perhaps of how closely I was involved.

Soccer is a freer and more open game for the viewer: its frustrations are usually no more than are needed to keep him on the *qui vive*, stimulated by a succession of hopes and fears whose alternation is physically and mentally bracing. I watched all the B.B.C. allowed me last week of England v. France on Wed-

nesday and Sheffield Wednesday v. Juventus, the Italian League leaders, on Thursday. It was a rare pleasure to watch England's beautiful team work at Wembley and the highly skilful strategy—or was it tactics?—both, I think, of the Italians on Sheffield Wednesday's ground at Hillsborough. The camera work seems, in my modest opinion, to have improved enormously in the last year, in fact Alan Chivers' presentation at Wembley and Ray Lakeland's at Hillsborough were as good as they could be, and the commentary—by Kenneth Wolstenholme and Walley Barnes at Wembley and the former alone at Hillsborough—was all that the most exacting viewer could wish.

Both in football and boxing the viewer has an immense advantage over the spectator on the spot. In football the spectator's eye has to follow the rapidly receding action, whereas television obligingly brings the action close up to the viewer's eye. So, too, in boxing, nobody but the referee and the seconds and perhaps not even they have a better view of proceedings than the viewer. I watched some excellent amateur boxing in the England v. Poland match a fortnight ago and again in London v. the Army last week from the Seymour Hall, London, in which there were two especially thrilling bouts, the final ones of the evening: the first when Thomas, the international heavyweight for London, floored his opponent with a single punch in a bout lasting a mere eighteen seconds, the second when Leeming for the Army, after taking two counts—the delayed effects, my newspaper told me next morning, of a punch from Shaw—turned the tables on his opponent in the last round.

I have kept my 'Eye on Research' during each



Two mice—the one on the right a Pygmy mouse-bred at the Institute of Animal Genetics, Edinburgh which were seen in 'Eye on Research—II: Pattern for Life', a programme on heredity on November 2

of its programmes of which we have had two. The first, 'Wing in the Future', took us a fortnight ago to see the Royal Aircraft Establishment wind tunnels at Bedford where the aerodynamicist (try it again and you'll manage it) plots the flight behaviour of supersonic aircraft that may take the air in twelve years' time. This was not, nor was it intended to be, everybody's taste and I must confess that where science becomes as dry as this my interest in it is unalloyed with enthusiasm. The reporter was Robert Reid and his talks with various technicians on the spot put us wise with the least possible obscurity. I enjoyed the visual side of the programme, the various mechanical contrivances with their impressive suggestion of perfect efficiency and first-class workmanship.

In last week's 'Pattern for Life' Robert Reid talked to Professor C. H. Waddington, head of the Institute of Animal Genetics at Edinburgh, and some of his assistants. For me the subject was of much greater interest because he was concerned with life itself and was illustrated by some fascinating films—one of them, for example, speeded up to show visibly the process of development in a newt's egg.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## DRAMA

### Bitter and Mild

THAT NOW NEGLECTED DRAMATIST, John Galsworthy, wrote a full-scale play called 'The Silver Case', a lunge at the sensational press. Mr. Priestley's 'The Stone Faces' on Sunday night, was a much slighter treatment of the basic theme, set comfortably in foreign parts, remoter Mexico.

Galsworthy made his editor declare: 'The press gets a lot of the blame for the natural instincts of mankind. I don't care what they say, curiosity is the greatest thing in the world'. Priestley, in releasing his shock-troops of journalists upon their prey, lets them say very little that is articulate. All we hear is a confused roaring as the servants of the natural instincts of mankind go into battle. One shot of the horde, in Harold Clayton's production, reminded me, oddly, for a fleeting moment of those night-club faces in 'Johnson Over Jordan'.

Not, let me say, that the



'Adventure in Industry—I: Prospecting for Oil' on November 27: an oil-drilling rig in the Persian Gulf



plays are in any sense connected. Priestley's task here has been simply to attack a press that carries its victims for the sake of a day's headlines, and that makes peace and privacy as attainable as the apples of the Hesperides. The 'stone faces' of the title are those of Mexican jungle images. Presumably, they can also symbolise the harsh and pitiless glare of popular publicity. The film actress in this play, when the press 'boys and girls' close in on her, leaps into her car and drives full-tilt at one of the stone images. Resolute certainly, but I could not feel honestly, as the body was being removed, that I had seen anything very tragic. The trouble is, I think, that the play is what used to be condemned as 'made to be told'. Always was conscious of Mr. Priestley's stage-managing. I wanted more real anger and less calculated effect.

Clearly, there are times when professional curiosity becomes cruel persecution. In Britain now the Press Council is on watch. I don't know what the Mexican authority—assuming that there is one—would say of the Inga Arlberg case. She was a film actress whose wish to be alone—especially noticeable, it appears, in artists with Scandinavian names—changed, first, to pleasure at finding herself in an isolated Mexican hotel with the archaeologist she had once loved, and then revived in agony at news that the press had spotted her.

How did the press know? A woman archaeologist, jealous and angry, had the wires to Mexico City humming. And a three-days' idyll—of which we were vouchsafed nothing except one of Inga's mildly comic turns at supper—ended with the plunge against the stone face, and a more abundant news story than had been dreamed of in the news-rooms.

Mr. Priestley may have got some of us to lament again the passion for 'publicity' that exposes an artist to the public gaze away from her work on stage or screen. There was a time when the public could know a player only as he or she appeared within the theatre's picture-frame. But there can be precious little mystery now when your film stars, according to Hollywood ritual, are forever on show, made a motley to the view. Some do not mind: as the cynic observed on Sunday, 'They don't bring personalities to the screen any more, just measurements'. Priestley's Inga Arlberg did mind. One would have felt for her if she had been a real person, not a dramatist's prop. Alas, even Luise Rainer could not persuade us of her truth, though she had a passage of real emotion when she appealed to the hotel-keeper (Frances Rowe), 'Like me a little'.

I wish 'The Stone Faces' had come through better. The dramatist's admirers—among whom I have long counted myself—are sorry to see him working so mechanically. Nobody in the play was a personage, even the mildly soaking writer, a wise old owl, acted by Wilfrid Lawson. Everyone appreciates what this surprising and diosyncratic player can do on his night, but this was hardly among those nights. Distorted enunciation blurred the lines, and more than once I had to strain to hear just what it was that Steve had on his mind. A pity. Still, the play no doubt makes Priestley's point which is the point also made by Galsworthy's 'Cockney workman': 'You don't know where to have these noospaper fellers, they're all over it'. (It is obvious, of course, that the plays, both in 1925 and 1957, indit only a noisy section of the press: there are noospapers and noospapers.)

Much of 'The Stone Faces' on Sunday seemed to be anxious preparation, neither good drama nor good television. I liked it a little, but by no means enough.

There is space only to report that, in comparison, the Quinteros' 'Doña Clarines' (the Granville-Barkers' translation) was the gentlest affair, a lulling breath about a romance and a determined aunt. The Water Rats galumphed with some frenzy in 'Revels of 1957'. And in the second instalment of 'The Silver Sword', the Serrailier-Webber play, Barry Letts showed



Frances Rowe (left) as Simone Murdoch, Wilfrid Lawson as Stephen Flessner, and Luise Rainer as Inga Arlberg in 'The Stone Faces' on December 1

how to escape from a cell—provided one has the necessary equipment. This was an exciting do-it-yourself interlude in the middle of a brisk and bitter serial which proves again that the children have sometimes the best of it.

J. C. TREWIN

### Sound Broadcasting

## DRAMA

### Venus v. Mars

ARISTOPHANES is still alive enough to be a scandal to the Establishment. A year or two ago the American Academy of Dramatic Art made itself absurd by cutting his late play about a women's revolution, 'Ecclesiastusae', because, if you please, it was 'pro-Communist'. Then there was a hilarious row over the action of the American Postmaster-General in seizing an English copy of 'Lysistrata' on grounds of indecency. However, Hollywood took the tip, transferred the tale to Kansas in the eighteen-eighties and called it 'The Second Greatest Sex', with the slogan 'We stop loving till you men stop fighting' and a number called 'Lysistrata' as one of its '8 Great Song Hits'. In this country, Laurence Housman made a version for the Sufraettes, whom we don't easily associate with strip-tease. But, although I saw Gladys Cooper give a radiantly amusing performance as Lysistrata in Regent's Park, of all places, and Theatre Workshop turned the play into a scathing indictment of modern war-mongers at the Rudolf Steiner Hall ('Rock bottom is reached', wrote Peter Ustinov, 'when the triumphant ladies march up and down the stage, shedding floral favours and singing a song reminiscent of Yugoslav Partisans'), this serious satire of sex

sanctions against war has generally been considered too outrageous for an English stage that prefers the smirking sophistries of Restoration comedy or the lifeless innuendoes of bedroom farce, smut for smut's sake.

When Dudley Fitts' delightful version of 'Lysistrata' was published over here in 1955—no doubt the American Post Office has been suitably reprimanded for letting it out—*The Times Literary Supplement* said it was time this play was 'given the serious attention it deserves, and not dismissed as nothing but a teasing piece of pseudo-feminist bawdry'. Anyway, perhaps sex may be heard if not seen. The B.B.C. lent an ear, announced this version for production, and put its cautious foot squarely on the Aristophanic banana-skin. In due course they did 'The Acharnians' instead. Last year they hit the headlines with an offer to Marilyn Monroe to play this Lysistrata on the air. Miss Monroe, who is not better heard than seen, prudently declined, so this time we got 'The Frogs'. It began to seem that this was, at any rate, one way of ensuring that all Aristophanes' plays—except 'Lysistrata'—would get broadcast. The B.B.C. story was that they were only waiting till the right girl came along, they must have an American actress for this American version. Inevitably, the theatre beat them to it. Dudley Fitts' 'Lysistrata', with Constance Cummings of Seattle, great success and only a dozen lines cut to console the Lord Chamberlain, was acted at Oxford Playhouse in March, and Minos



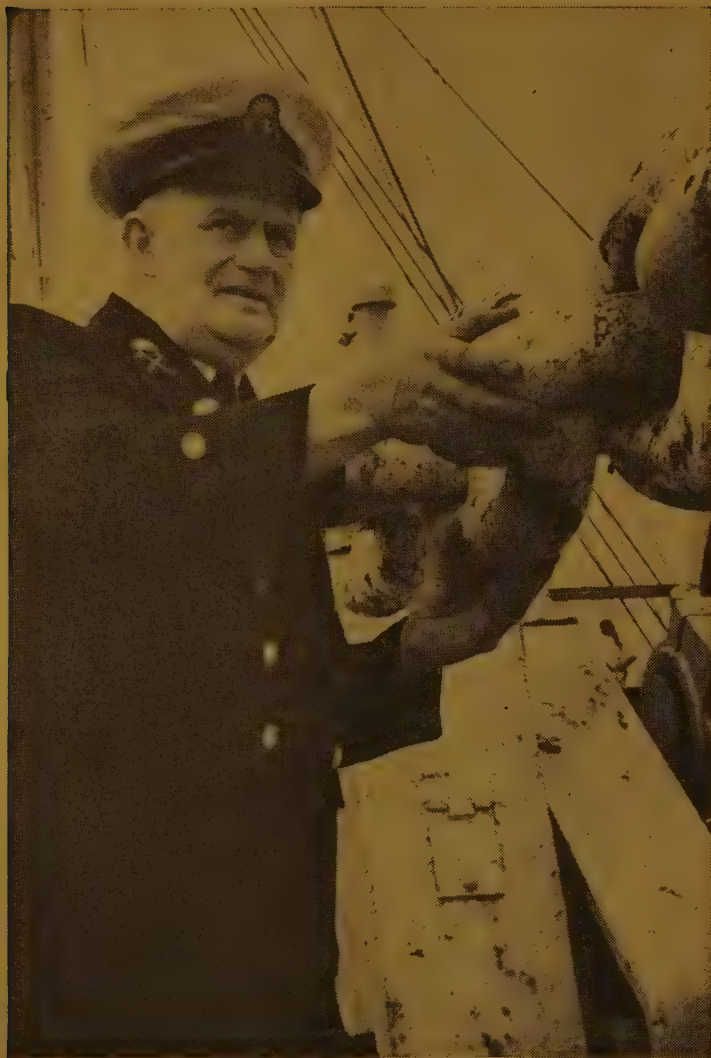
Scene from 'Doña Clarines' on November 26, with (left to right) Jean Anderson in the title-part, Roger Delgado as Luján, and Raf de la Torre as Don Basilio

Volanakis will again produce it, with Joan Greenwood of Chelsea, in London this month. At which tidings the Drama Department nerved itself to give us a Patric Dickinson translation, with Googie Withers of Karachi, in the Third Programme last week.

Of the three peace plays that Aristophanes wrote to stop the Peloponnesian War—what would the Ministry of Information have said if the B.B.C. had broadcast them in the blitz, and would the British Housewives League have seen the point?—the first, 'The Acharnians', won the festival prize, the second, 'Peace', won only second prize, and the third, 'Lysistrata', did not, so far as we know, get a prize at all. Now that the Third Programme has broadcast the three peace plays in that order, all in versions by Mr. Dickinson which have appeared in



## IT'S STAND-BY TO THIS MR. CHIPS

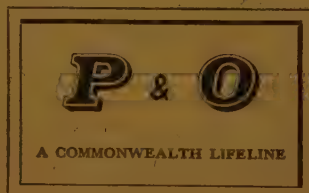


E. FRIEND, Carpenter on board the P & O ship, HIMALAYA

ONCE there was a man who had so many talents he didn't know what to do. He was a qualified shipwright, woodworker and mechanic. He was a leader of men. He was so gifted he could measure a half-inch change in water level in mid-ocean . . . so shrewd he could stop fires before they started . . . so wise that he knew that a chain is as clean as its dirtiest link. He could pick a lock, repair a dressing-table or produce a Christmas tree ten miles from land. He liked to use all his skills at once — so they gave him a job at sea.

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book reviewed in *THE LISTENER* last week, we see the judges' point, 'Lysistrata' is a ram-  
 pack and probably hasty piece of work.

It succeeds uproariously because of its essen-  
 tial sanity and its great stroke of comic genius.  
 Aristophanes had the wit to see that enforced  
 equal abstinence is a far better target for bawdy  
 comedy than the obligatory over-indulgence out-  
 of which the Restoration stage sought to squeeze  
 frequently dubious fun. Venus brings Mars  
 his senses by non-cohabitation. Mr. Dickinson  
 desperately determined not to sound half-  
 started in his semi-seemly paraphrase of Aristopha-  
 nes' jests about the upright men of war, but  
 isn't so witty as Dudley Fitts. He, and his  
 producer Raymond Raikes, were so intent on  
 insisting that the poet's purpose was serious that  
 they made Miss Withers start off as though the  
 play was not a comedy at all. It soon got going,  
 and the same, though there was at times the truly  
 ve-inspiring sound of respectable British mat-  
 rons conscientiously resolved to be heartily out-  
 spoken or die in the attempt, but definitely not  
 abused. Janette Richer, a young actress of in-  
 creasing range, really seemed to be having the  
 time of her life in the strip-tease scene, which  
 was therefore easily the funniest.

In the Home Service on Monday last week,  
 Miriam Karlin, Barbara Couper, and Austin  
 Trevor gave a telling account of a Rebecca West  
 tale, 'There is No Conversation', dramatised  
 and produced by Wilfrid Grantham. This was  
 a testimonialism for everywoman, an impression  
 of the totally different understanding of a human  
 situation by each of the people involved in it, an  
 expert piece of story-telling.

ROY WALKER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

George Gissing

THERE HAS BEEN far less celebration of the  
 centenary of George Gissing's birth than might  
 have been expected. His non-political anger at  
 the state of the society of his time, his obsession  
 with social distinctions, and his general concern  
 with outsiderishness should have done some-  
 thing to revive his score or so of deliquescent  
 novels. But even Mr. Colin Wilson has not yet  
 sung him in his eclectic gallery, and it is his  
 classic travel book, *By the Ionian Sea*, which is  
 reprinted rather than the novels. It is, I must  
 say, the southern Italian traveller, with his three  
 volumes of *Lenormant* and *The Letters of*  
*Platodorus*, who rouses my interest more than  
 the man who made the sordid and degrading  
 marriages, whose spirit seemed always to be  
 longing to escape from the world of the under-  
 privileged into the classical past.

Mr. Anthony Curtis, who arranged a fas-  
 cinating portrait of Gissing for the Third  
 Programme, would probably not agree with me.  
 He is clearly a passionate admirer of the novels  
 and sees the classicist Gissing as something of  
 an irrelevance. He rejects the idea that Gissing  
 should have become a don, and believes that his  
 aim to be taken most seriously as a novelist  
 is in his realisation that a new type of thinking  
 person was emerging from a class which in the  
 past had never been educated. And he saw that  
 these new men would not be accepted without  
 some kind of social upheaval. This was the  
 underlying theme of Mr. Curtis' programme,  
 which was in the main concerned with the life  
 rather than the work. Mr. Curtis is now writing  
 the definitive biography of Gissing and, as was  
 to be expected, he produced some new and very  
 interesting material. The long description, from  
 an unpublished journal, of his first wife's room  
 when he visited it just after her death, was a  
 marvellously moving piece of writing: the  
 collection of teetotal pledges on the mantel-  
 shelf, the sewing-bag, the only feminine thing

in the room, and the dab of butter and crust  
 of bread which he found when he opened a  
 drawer.

Without emphasis and with great tact Mr.  
 Curtis gave us what is presumably the key to  
 Gissing's sense of isolation. He was not merely  
 a provincial who felt lost in the metropolis; the  
 pity and compassion which led him into his  
 disastrous marriages show that he was a man  
 incapable of trivial emotion. If I am reading  
 Mr. Curtis' evidence properly his whole life  
 was an expiation of the act of dishonesty com-  
 mitted when he was at Owens College,  
 Manchester, and which landed him in gaol.  
 Whatever aberrance caused him to do what he  
 did it never visited him again, but its effects  
 must have redounded throughout his life. Mr.  
 Curtis' portrait was of a man who engaged  
 one's complete sympathy—and a touch of one's  
 pity. The biography should be very good indeed.

The Third Programme is reviving two  
 programmes by Mr. Bernard Lewis, on 'The  
 Muslim Discovery of Europe', which were first  
 broadcast a few years ago. I did not hear them  
 then, and was pleased to have an opportunity  
 to hear the first, on 'The Northern Barbarians'.  
 It was partly composed of readings from various  
 Arab travellers in Europe during the late Dark  
 Ages, when even the people of Italy seemed  
 barbarians to the civilised people of the Muslim  
 world. If the passages read are typical the Arab  
 traveller seemed to have lacked the traveller's eye,  
 to have a love of exaggeration and for fabulous  
 stories.

Mr. Lewis gave rather too much of the  
 fabulous, perhaps to show the conception of  
 Europe current in Islam at the time, and not  
 enough from that greatest of all Muslim  
 geographers, Yāqut ibn-'Abdullāh al-Hamawī,  
 whose work, according to Mr. Philip Hitti's  
*History of the Arabs*, unfortunately made no  
 impression on medieval European thought be-  
 cause it was never translated into Latin. Yāqut  
 gives the impression that he would never have  
 been taken in by the stories of Amazon women  
 among the barbarian tribes of Europe or the  
 impossible vastness of Rome. One of the most  
 convincing and interesting passages was  
 Ibrahim's description of life in Iceland. It was  
 delightfully unlikely to hear an Arab discussing  
 the habits of the whale and describing in detail  
 the Viking methods of hunting it.

It is always a good thing to come across some  
 aspect of history which jolts us Europeans into  
 realising that the world does not gravitate round  
 our minute section of the globe. Mr. Lewis did  
 precisely this, but I wish he had given us more  
 of the mass of evidence that exists to show that  
 the Islamic sense of intellectual superiority was  
 justified. Our debt to the ancient Arab world is  
 nowhere near sufficiently recognised.

MICHAEL SWAN

## MUSIC

### Kaleidoscope

WEDNESDAY NIGHT in the Home Service last  
 week was, like Housman's Shropshire youth,  
 quite itself again, with a full-length symphony  
 concert at the 'peak hour'. The programme  
 looked on paper an odd mixture, but worked  
 out well in practice, thanks to first-rate per-  
 formance. It was designed mainly to display the  
 musicianship and virtuosity of Artur Schnabel  
 who played Schumann's concerto in the first  
 part and Saint-Saëns' in G minor in the second.

Schumann's intimate and chamber-music-like  
 concerto is not the work one would perhaps  
 associate with this brilliant pianist who excels in  
 glitter and dash. Yet Schnabel was almost  
 completely successful in projecting the homely,  
 one might say 'uxorious', mood of Schumann's  
 lyricism. One was reminded that he is one of

the greatest interpreters of Chopin, and not only  
 of the more showy pieces. Once or twice the  
 tiger that is in him showed its fierceness—in the  
 sudden pounce, for example, on the opening  
 chords and the consequently hard bright tone  
 produced.

Saint-Saëns provided the pianist with the  
 opportunity to display even more obviously his  
 powers of mind as well as his deftness of finger.  
 For he discovered in the concerto, which is apt  
 to be written off as one more example of the  
 composer's shallow musicianship, some unex-  
 pected depths and solidities that have escaped  
 most other interpreters. The popular *Allegretto*  
*scherzando* makes no pretence at profundity,  
 but it would be a poor heart that could not re-  
 joice at this delicious performance, to which the  
 B.B.C. Orchestra under Rudolf Schwarz con-  
 tributed their full share.

The symphony was Haydn's 'Military' in  
 G major, which sounded as if it were being  
 played by too large a band. Instead of being  
 light and bright, it was too pompous and heavy,  
 baroque rather than rococo. Haydn's are nearer  
 to being toy-soldiers' than Marlborough's bat-  
 talions. Conductor and orchestra came into their  
 own in Gordon Jacob's Third Suite, a modern  
 Divertimento that aims only at pleasing the  
 hearer, and does it.

Mr. Schwarz cannot be accused of neglecting  
 our native music. On the Saturday before he  
 resurrected Britten's 'Sinfonia da Requiem',  
 which sounded rather dated, its ingenuities  
 rather too obviously conjuring tricks. It was  
 followed by a splendid performance of Brahms'  
 Third Symphony, repeated in the Home Service  
 on Sunday, in which the only blemish was a  
 tendency to 'make it snappy' in the finale—a  
 tendency fortunately subdued by the time the  
 noble chorale in the coda was reached. One mark  
 of the conductor's percipience and efficiency was  
 his successful balancing of the final long-held  
 chords of the movements which so often sound  
 muddy, but here were luminous and clear.

Last Saturday Mr. Schwarz revived John  
 Field's Concerto in A flat with Frank Merrick as  
 the pianist. The music stands between Mozart  
 and Chopin, its figurations reminding us now of  
 the one, now of the other. It is certainly a better  
 concerto than any Chopin wrote, and it is not  
 merely imitative of Mozart. It was good to hear  
 Mr. Merrick, these many years an advocate of  
 Field's music, in such good form.

The weekly programme of Stravinsky's music  
 consisted of a recording of the concert given on  
 the composer's birthday last June under the  
 direction of Manuel Rosenthal. The programme  
 showed the composer's reaction to the idea of  
 Spring in his Dionysiac and Apollonian phases  
 —'The Rite of Spring' and 'Perséphone'. The  
 latter, a melodrama with text by Gide, is a  
 lyrical counterpart to the stark tragedy of  
 'Oedipus Rex'. In it one sees the classic outline  
 of the legend drawn with a masterly economy  
 of line and a tenderness of touch that is as per-  
 sonal to Stravinsky as Picasso's almost con-  
 temporary neo-Greek profiles. The work was  
 beautifully performed by the London Philhar-  
 monic Orchestra with the London Bach Society  
 and Madeleine Renaud as the speaker and Michel  
 Sénéchal as Eumolpe. The tenor sang the often  
 appallingly difficult music flexibly and with only  
 an occasional tightening of the tone. The more  
 familiar 'Rite' has been given better perform-  
 ances than this which seemed to concentrate on  
 the African tom-tom side of the music, which is  
 surely less important than its eeriness of atmo-  
 sphere. The contemporary and rarely heard 'Roi  
 des étoiles', sung by the men of the Elizabethan  
 Singers, hardly produced an effect commensur-  
 ate with its difficulties.

What should have been a major event of the  
 week, the Bayreuth performance of 'Die



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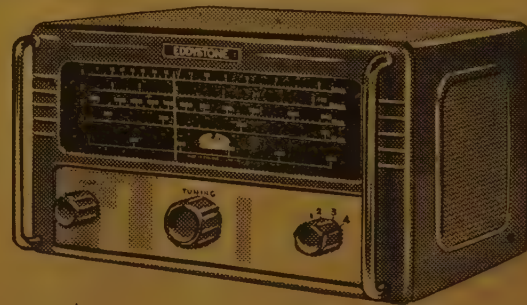
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istersinger', was a sorry disappointment. Apart from Elisabeth Grümmer's Eva, which is highly intelligent in its dramatic presentation of the part and respectable as singing, this is quite the worst performance of Wagner's Nelly I have ever heard from one of the great

opera-houses. André Cluytens seemed to have little conception of the light and shade in the score or of the modelling of the melodies. The Prelude was the same thickness all through without a breathing-space anywhere. As for the singing, Sachs' approach-shot to the first note

of the 'Wahn' monologue was typical of the men's inability to produce a clean attack. The Walther was very rightly turned down by the Masters, among whom Beckmesser gave the best performance.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The 'Lucky' Hand and Other Errors

By HANS KELLER

Schönberg's opera 'Die glückliche Hand' will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, December 11 (Third)

THE vast majority of listeners tuning in on Wednesday will hear Schönberg's 'drama with music'—our history's richest nineteen minutes of dramatic music—for the first time. A number of them, however, will have read something about it in a dictionary or monograph, in which case they are almost bound to have assimilated a certain amount of essential misinformation, apart from being simply left puzzled.

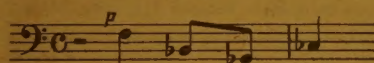
For one thing, none of the authorities may have had an opportunity to hear the work before they wrote about it. The stature of this astonishing masterpiece has only lately been realised, hence performances are at last becoming more frequent. For another thing, the very fact that the complex symbolism of Schönberg's firstretto is strictly defined rather than vaguely elusive makes it easy for the freely associating critic to go wrong, while the more cautious refer not to have a go at the 'story' at all. Finally, Schönberg's transplantation to the English-speaking world and the long interruption of Schönberg research in German-speaking countries have lavishly contributed towards the distortion of his texts and musical directions. The present article proposes to clear the air of what may at first seem marginal corrections which, however, may anon disclose their centripetal force, in that they should lead straight to the heart of the work, if not of Schönberg's creative attitude altogether.

The trouble starts with the title. Ever since the English translation (1924) of Egon Wellesz's highly valuable Schönberg book (1921), the official English title of the opera has been 'The Lucky Hand', which means roughly the opposite of Schönberg's own, eminently thematic title. 'Lucky' and 'glücklich' overlap, but whereas 'lucky' the element of chance obtrudes, there is a German idiom, 'er hat eine glückliche Hand' (he has a lucky hand) which means, not that he tends to be lucky, but, on the contrary, that he doesn't depend on luck because he is so fitted that, to express it crudely, 'he has the back of it'. What Schönberg characteristically did was to change the object of the idiom into subject and thus into a symbol. 'The Blessed Hand' or 'The Favoured Hand' would be correct translations if they did not inflate Schönberg's understating title which, paradoxically enough, cannot be rendered in English. Properly understood, the title gives the point of the work, about which the authorities are, at best, evasive. Wellesz confines himself to the descriptive level, René Leibowitz to the music. The Schönberg biographer H. H. Stuckenschmidt says that 'in the logical sense, the text without a subject, without reality'; Dika Newlin contents herself with calling the drama characteristic specimen of modern expressionism; and Humphrey Searle, in the new introduction, says 'the subject is a symbolical pursuit of happiness'. In hard fact, the subject is a questing artist, symbolised by the 'Man', this sole protagonist is called.

Searle says that the episodes following the

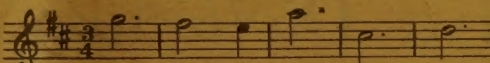
introductory quasi-Greek chorus 'are concerned with spurious forms of happiness'. The Man is not only in conflict with his worldly and illusory desires, however, but also in conflict with this very conflict: he needs the sensuality which obstructs his quest, needs it artistically, too.

As he blissfully touches the hand of the 'Woman' (7' 39'')<sup>1</sup>, she, unnoticed, escapes to the 'Gentleman' (both mimed parts). But he looks at his 'lucky' hand in which he thinks he is holding her and exclaims, 'Now I possess you for ever!' Just a dream? On the contrary, artistic reality is in the making. The scene changes (8' 15'') and the Man's hand, now blessed by the curse of life, shows the 'workmen' their business. They are labouring with files and hammers; he interrupts them: 'That can be done more simply'. He creates a wonderful diadem out of a piece of gold, breaking an anvil in the process. 'Ingenuously, without emotion', he sings his central sentence (10' 22''), 'This is how one makes a jewel':



So schafft man Schmuck.

Personally, I have no doubt that, consciously or unconsciously, Schönberg here intended a counterpart, a musico-dramatic counterpoint, to the equally crucial end of Siegfried's Act I, split anvil and all:



So schnei-det Siegf-frieds Schwert!

Siegfried too, it will be remembered, had the transcendental knack of it.

In the opening and closing chorus, Schönberg employs his speaking voice (*Sprechstimme*), for which the wrong term *Sprechgesang* (speech-song) has been used for decades. The consequences have been disastrous. *Sprechgesang* is recitative and, special spots apart, there is no song in the speaking voice, whose only strictly measured dimension is rhythm. To this day there are highly competent and up-to-date musicians who think the speaking voice should be half sung, inasmuch as the notes ought to be intoned at their absolute pitch. But the intervals in Schönberg's notation are meant to be relative to the speaking range of the reciter(s). Speech-song is in fact the one thing the speaking voice must avoid—a consideration that is relevant to eight of Schönberg's major works, and which prompted him at a later stage to abandon stave notation and write the speaking voice on, above, and below a single line.

Wellesz, Leibowitz, and Searle place 'Pierrot lunaire' (1912) before 'Glückliche Hand' (1910-13), and the latter two trace the history of the speaking voice accordingly; whereas Newlin, followed by Stuckenschmidt, suggests that 'Pierrot's' speaking voice came first. On purely musical grounds, which the listener will be able to hear for himself, Newlin must be

considered right. The polyphonic complexity and colouristic finesse of the opera's chorus, the combination of whisper, speech, and song are hardly imaginable without the experience gained in 'Pierrot'; indeed, they look forward to 'Moses and Aron' (1930-32).

It is Moses too who, by way of 'The Chosen One', in the unfinished and as yet unpublished oratorio 'Die Jakobsleiter' (1915-45), fully explains the present protagonist. If the Man is a symbol of the artist, the artist is, for Schönberg, but a variation on the theme that is the search for God, a theme which he pursued, and which pursued him, right up to his death, as can be seen from his 'Modern Psalms' (1950-51). The wellnigh total disregard of this basic motive of his life and work seems characteristic of an age that has replaced neurotic theism by neurotic atheism.

*The New Musical Companion* (Gollancz, 21s.) is the twentieth edition of *The Musical Companion* edited by A. L. Bacharach. In most cases each section has been brought up to date by its original author, and in the cases of the two authors who are no longer living additional material has been added by Colin Mason.

Four annuals are published by John Calder at 25s. each. *The Concert-Goers' Annual*, edited by Evan Senior, and *The International Film Annual*, edited by Campbell Dixon, are published for the first time. *International Theatre Annual*, edited by Harold Hobson, appears for the second, and *Opera Annual*, edited by Harold Rosenthal, for the fourth time. All contain well-known names among the contributors, and are generously-illustrated.

In *The Eye of the Beholder* (Hulton, 30s.) Mr. Lance Sieveking tells us in straightforward fashion about famous people he has known. And he has known very many. Reflected glory is always a bit irritating, perhaps because we ourselves wish we could have been such a reflector. Mr. Sieveking is proud of his good fortune but does not claim much for himself. Indeed, he is too apologetic; he asks us to believe that in these encounters he was merely the blank face in the background, present but unnoticed. Yet the response he so frequently evoked shows that this self-judgement is unduly modest. There are particularly memorable accounts of his friendship with Paul Nash, Hugh Kingsmill, and John Holms; an amusing child's-eye view of G. K. Chesterton; a portrait of his distant relative, Gerard Manley Hopkins, as remembered by Mr. Sieveking's mother; an unsympathetic glimpse of Shaw; a sinister encounter with Aleister Crowley; and conversations with many, many others. Parts of this book recently formed the substance of a series of broadcast talks which were printed in THE LISTENER.

Mr. Art Buchwald's *I Chose Caviar* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) may be recommended for light reading. Mr. Buchwald is an American columnist and evidently a much-travelled man. From the oil fields of Texas to Berlin's Ballhaus Resi Bar, from Istanbul's covered bazaar to the Royal Regatta at Henley, his observations are both entertaining and amusing—often as amusing as they are intended to be. His favourite winter sport, he tells us, is social climbing.

<sup>1</sup> My timings refer to the recording to be heard on Wednesday



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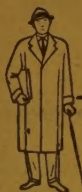


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# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## AEROSOL PAINT-SPRAYS

MOST PEOPLE by now are familiar with the aerosol pack, as it has been pretty widely used for insecticides. The principle is straightforward: the product is packed, under pressure, in a tin that is fitted with a push-button valve. When you push the button, out comes a very fine spray.

There are several aerosol paint-sprays on the market now, although at the present moment, you can obtain only cellulose lacquer, and the choice is limited to black, silver, and clear lacquer. But even so, there is a good deal you can do with them. For instance, the majority of cars are black, and if you have scraped off some of the paintwork, the aerosol is the only simple way for an amateur to make a really professional job of it. Prams and cycles too are often painted black, and you can either touch them up or do the whole job of repainting.

These paint-sprays are easy to use. All you do is to hold the can about twelve inches from the work, press the button down as far as it will go and then keep the spray moving with light, quick strokes. I should not try to cover with one coat or you will get 'runs'. It is better to aim at two thin coats. On the first occasion I should do a small 'trial run'.

You can do all sorts of things with the transparent lacquer because it is suitable for metal surfaces and wood or paper. The finish is so good you can actually use it on furniture, either for touching-up or for doing the whole job. The wearing properties are good, too, so you can use it on table tops and chairs. You can also save yourself a lot of work by spraying articles made from copper, silver, or brass. I am told that coloured lacquers should be coming on the mar-

ket early in the spring and, later on, there will almost certainly be a range of synthetic paints.

DAVID ROE

## KEEPING WOOLLENS WHITE

A listener writes: 'I should be glad to know if there is anything to keep white woollen garments from turning yellow when washing'. White woollens often become discoloured because they have been washed in hard water with a strong soap powder; the soap curds do not get rinsed out, and that causes yellowing. You can sometimes improve things if you change over to washing with one of the mild synthetic detergents, but it may take several washings before you notice a difference. The point here is that these synthetics do not leave behind troublesome curds.

Another cause of yellowing is drying the woollens too close to a fire or hot pipes. It may be, though, that our listener is going to need a bleaching rinse for these woollens. For this you need a solution made with one part of hydrogen peroxide, twenty volume strength, to three parts of water. Add to this one teaspoon of ammonia. Let the woollens soak in the solution for about half an hour. (I would take off any buttons or metal fastenings first.) Then rinse the woollens thoroughly, and continue with squeezing and drying operations as usual.

Another listener asks: 'Is there a method of removing slight scorch marks from shirt collars?' I would begin by brushing the scorch mark gently with a dry, soft nailbrush. Then damp it—and rub in a little glycerine with your finger, and leave it to soak in for an hour or so. Then sponge the scorch mark, sprinkle on a little synthetic detergent, and work up a lather

with your finger again or the nailbrush. After a rinse there ought to be an improvement provided the scorch mark is not an actual burn.

RUTH DREW

## Notes on Contributors

- JOHN WELLENS (page 910): management consultant specialising in training and education; author of *Education and Training in Industry*  
 R. D. V. ROBERTS (page 912): Secretary of the National Joint Advisory Council for the Electricity Supply Industry  
 SEWELL STOKES (page 919): author of *Come to Prison, A Clown in Clover, Beyond His Means*, etc.  
 LAURIE LEE (page 921): poet; author of *A Rose for Winter, My Many-Coated Man, The Sun My Monument*, etc.  
 REV. R. S. BARBOUR (page 923): Lecturer in New Testament, New College, Edinburgh  
 SIR CONRAD CORFIELD, K.C.I.E. (page 924): served in the Indian Civil Service, 1920-47, principally in the Indian States  
 D. E. BROADBENT (page 927): on the staff of the Medical Research Council's Applied Psychology Research Unit, Cambridge  
 ROMNEY SEDGWICK, C.M.G. (page 941): historian; author of *Letters from George III to Lord Bute*, etc.  
 PHILIP HENDERSON (page 943): author of *The Life of Laurence Oliphant, The Letters of William Morris*, etc.  
 MAURICE CRANSTON (page 947): author of *John Locke—a Biography, Freedom—A New Analysis*, etc.  
 WILLIAM GOLDING (page 953): novelist; author of *Pincher Martin, Lord of the Flies*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,436.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 12. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

A certain letter, which occurs once in the answers to all the clues, is to be regarded as having been replaced by the = sign. The answers therefore become 'equations', only one term of which is to be entered in the diagram. Figures in brackets after the clues give the alphabetical sum (A = 1, B = 2, ..., Z = 26) of the rejected term, including the letter which stands for =

Each clue contains: (1) a hidden mixture of the answer, consisting of consecutive letters occurring in one or more

## Equations.

## By ffancy

words and not necessarily coinciding with the beginning or end of a word; (2) a description of the answer, which may vary in length between one word and the whole clue. Not all the words in the clues necessarily come into either category.

### CLUES—ACROSS

- I love to ruin the status quo (79)
- This example of English prose is unanimously praised (79)
- Having refined tastes, you value precious things (44)
- This has quite a crushing effect (57)
- A tram cut in, causing shocking damage (67)
- The sums I misappropriate (62)
- Act square, play the game! (65)
- By nature calm? I regret to say by no means so (60)
- I'll compel you to agree that it's monstrous (36)
- It sounds like common sense to me (40)
- Which aunt can dance like this? (36)
- I've suffered sometimes from gushing people (76)
- Brilliant performance makes genius try to vie with it (90)
- Have a square meal in the refreshment tent (70)
- Wordy, stultified fuss (45)
- This is indeed cut down (34)
- Kind of guinea-pig exposed to contagious disease (44)
- I have a bull of great worth (56)
- Regulations are binding (44)
- To exceed the limit makes her nervous (99)
- Six glasses of rum ought to make you reel! (42)
- There's a type outside who's needing some sympathy (40)

### DOWN

- The Ulster issue (53)
- The cures which save life (66)
- It's malignant, evil—run away! (72)
- Although having eyes to see, you let card-sharppers swindle you (59)
- A couple people always like (68)
- By no means a quitter, but not quite straight (64)
- Disturbs our shelter (25)
- Friction due to Canal dispute (57)

- Gives this colour a clarity which is somewhat equivocal (52)
- Court adjourns until bar opens (70)
- Pure, feminine fragrance (39)
- Goes out again, like the rat he is (42)
- Why buy trifles like oranges, for example? (45)
- Silenced without demur (34)
- If flouted, being this may cause offence (60)
- Invalid has frugal lunch (45)
- Atrocious connection she uses (40)
- This brings me luck—I never move without it (34)
- Noise may be disturbing (41)
- Funny creature, this shaggy dog (75)
- A quiet teething baby? What good behaviour! (72)
- Thus bisques may lead to fireworks! (57)
- Perfumes made of bones (58)
- We are given the fact that mud, for example, is dirty (34)
- Is this flower mauve? No, white (34)
- Provide us with ripe quinces (43)
- Sings out in strict *bel canto* (75)
- Andantino nocturne with bass accompaniment (96)

## Solution of No. 1,434

D	A	V	I	D	D	A	F	O	D	I	L
E	L	I	S	H	A	V	U	L	P	I	N
R	E	C	O	I	L	O	H	O	C	H	I
N	X	E	C	L	A	N	R	C	H	I	A
S	A	S	H	L	T	E	C	A	P	P	O
O	N	R	E	S	T	A	R	R	I	A	M
T	D	A	I	S	A	N	A	L	L	O	R
S	E	C	M	O	E	T	C	A	E	S	A
T	R	A	R	L	O	T	H	O	M	E	
S	V	E	L	O	T	H	I	A	N	A	S
U	A	L	S	U	C	A	N	O	G	U	T
C	R	E	A	G	H	S	T	N	N	A	T
E	N	D	S	H	I	P	S	I	N	E	G

### NOTES

Theme: The four Kings in a pack of cards. See *Brewer's Reader's Handbook. Theme-words and Variations*: A. Charlemagne, Megan, Rachel (anag.), B. David, daffodil, leek (symbols of Wales), C. Alexander, Hillsborough, Tunis (Lords), D. Caesar, Führer, Duce (absolute rulers).

Across. 13. Vul(can)-pine; 17. C-(obster)-an; 18. Yak(ut, =do); 24. Sun ter, anag.; 27. AD 1, rev.; 30. Sec(co.); 33. Harl + rev. of to; 39. Sound of who + rev. of ai; 44. In + anag. of neat; 45. Fri(day)—endships.

Down. 1. (Mo)derna; 3. Three mngs.; 5. Dal-A-i (Salvador Dalí); 6. Rev. of nova; 8. Flo(c)(k)-(os)culat(i)on; 19. In-1-a; 16. No H spy, anag.; 21. Cant-o; 24. (Ling)uist; 36. Essen(ce); 40. Quag (gas).

Prizewinners: 1st prize: F. G. Simms (London, N.W.8); 2nd prize: L. T. Whitaker (Bournemouth); 3rd prize: D. Page (London, S.W.2)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12			13				14	
15		16	17				18	19	
20		21				22		23	24
25			26	27	28	29			30
31	32		33	34				35	36
37				38	39	40			41
42		43			44				

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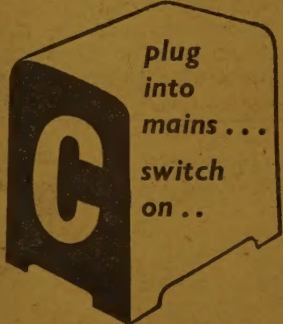
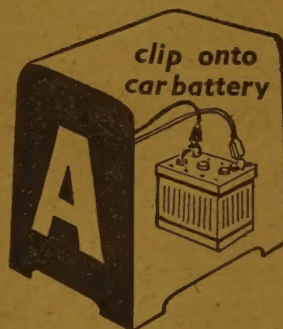
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